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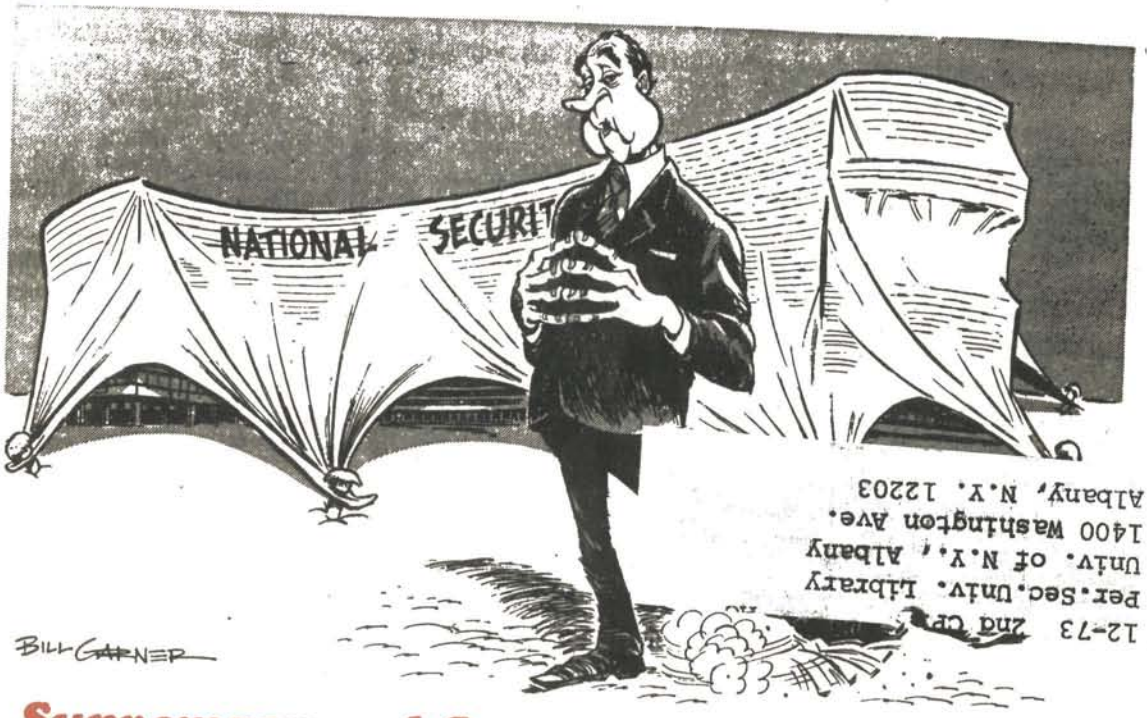

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Supremacy and Secrecy: THE DEEPER MEANING OF WATERGATE *Wayne L. Morse*

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After Buffalo Creek
THE BUREAUCRACY OF DISASTERS
Tom Nugent

No Peace in the Quagmire
THE CANADIANS ARE COMING HOME
David Van Praagh

●

Solzhenitsyn—Writing as a Lost Art
EMILE CAPOUYA

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LETTERS

the public schools

Albany, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: R. Freeman Butts's defense of the great idea of public school ["Assaults on a Great Idea," *The Nation*, Apr. 30] rests upon dubious assumptions about the historical development of public education in America. . . . Recent studies by Michael Katz and others have demonstrated that differing values and conceptions of the role of public schooling produced considerable conflict and that free, compulsory, bureaucratically controlled education was, in the final analysis, imposed on the lower classes during the 19th century. . . .

If historical evidence is taken seriously, Butts's position is seen as nothing more than an ideological attack upon critics who are challenging the representativeness of modern institutions, such as the public schools. Before one should rededicate himself to the so-called "great idea of public schooling," he should earnestly attempt to understand the actual functions that public education has served and continues to serve.

Michael Foster
Peter Hopke
Dept. of Foundations of Education
SUNY-Albany, N.Y.

DeKalb, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: I heartily agree with all Dr. Butts had to say. His analysis was well researched and quite extensive in scope.

I could especially sympathize with his statement about economy-minded politicians who cut educational budgets and term the cuts necessary. Our new Illinois Governor did this after campaigning with just the opposite emphasis. Only too late the students in the state are finding out that public education is quickly becoming in many people's eyes a privilege, not a right. . . .

Judy Rushton

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIRS: The article by R. Freeman Butts is a great summary of where we are today in terms of the status of public schools in America. I am distributing copies to our staff and other leaders. Mr. Butts has uttered a call for a return to basic principles.

David Selden, President,
American Federation of Teachers

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Professor Butts, who is certainly not stupid, is in fact advocating an educational model as old as Plato and as young as the Papadopoulos dictatorship, in which the public schools are nothing but an instrument for ideological formation according to the dictates of the current rulers. . . .

Joseph R. Peden
Dept. of History, Baruch College
The City University of New York

the Nizerian whitewash

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Twenty years ago my petition obtained from Supreme Court Justice Douglas the last-minute stay of the Rosenberg execution. *The Nation* at the time editorially commended my effort.

My involvement in the case stemmed from shock on noting in the transcript of the trial how Judge Kaufman—at the request of defense attorney Emmanuel Bloch—solemnly sealed a long evaporated and declassified atom bomb "secret." The account of the involvement that brought me into conflict with both the avowed friends of the Rosenbergs and their avowed foes is contained in a book-

(*Continued on page 788*)

EDITORIALS

The Traps in Watergate

Two dangers threaten to impair the Ervin committee investigation, which has finally gotten off to a slow but promising start. An attempt is being made at the moment to make it appear that there is some irreconcilable difference in aim between the investigation and the pending grand jury and other legal inquiries. Archibald Cox, the special prosecutor, wants the legislative hearings postponed; the Ervin committee has firmly, promptly and unanimously said no. Elements of the press see an either/or aspect to this controversy where none exists.

The legislative committee has its duty to perform and delay could be fatal. For one thing, we might never learn the full facts—since some facts will not be brought out in legal proceedings, no matter how numerous—or we might learn them when they had ceased to matter. More important, we are at the moment bereft of effective Presidential leadership and the existing stagnation cannot continue much longer. The Ervin hearings will not resolve this crisis but can create a climate of opinion in which it might be resolved. Senator Ervin is much sounder than the current dollar when he insists that the first task is to expose the facts now, whatever they are, wherever they lead.

This aim does not necessarily conflict with that of Mr. Cox. The Ervin committee and its chairman and staff have been rightly commended for the way the hearings are being conducted; a proper respect for the rights of witnesses has been observed and Senator Ervin has not hesitated to identify hearsay as hearsay. Nothing could be more ludicrous than to compare these hearings, as some columnists have done, with those conducted by the late Senator McCarthy. One might even argue that it is fortunate the Ervin and Cox inquiries are proceeding at the same time; one can assist the other. Any attempt to subordinate one to the other or to give priority to the grand jury inquiries and subsequent prosecutions would undermine the effort to get the facts.

Suppose, for example, the Ervin hearings were to recess until Mr. Cox gave his approval to their resumption. When might that be? The grand jury inquiries—in Washington and now in Los Angeles—may drag on for months and if many indictments are returned, the trials might take months more. Mr. Cox, in all fairness, cannot expect Congress to forgo the discharge of its duties for a year or more. Some commentators have said that the adversary procedures of a courtroom offer a better means of determining the real facts than does a legislative inquiry. Of some facts that may be true, but it is equally true that a legislative inquiry can ferret out many facts about Watergate that would be irrelevant, immaterial and inadmissible in a judicial proceeding. And there is a further consideration—if the legislative inquiry results in some mistrials or reversals or even the inability to prosecute some individuals, as by grants of immunity, that loss must be weighed against the net social and political gains that will result from full disclosure. Those named in the Watergate mess thus far are not "criminals" in the ordinary sense. Judged in

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terms of social ethics and morality, they rank lower than the average bank robber, but if they were all to go free, there is no likelihood that they would rob banks. Our jails are congested and there is no imperative need to add to the prison population.

The second danger has to do with the seasonal habits of the American people and the press that serves them. July 4th approaches. During July and August it is ordinarily possible to walk off with a piece of the Capitol's dome without detection by press or public. This seasonal lull—these weeks of low public concern—will tend to take the edge off Watergate news and developments and, if interest abates significantly, it may be difficult to revive. On their issues of June 11th, *Time* and *Newsweek* had the bad luck to come out with almost identical covers. The subject of their intense interest is Secretariat, dubbed by both magazines a "superhorse." The temptation during the torrid summer months to daydream about race horses, super or otherwise, does not bode well for the survival of Watergate as an ongoing news story. Already coming up fast in the outside lane is "the intrauterine device," its dangers and whatnot, which promises to be still another summertime diversion in the mass media. This second risk, the trap of summer, underscores the importance of Gov. Linwood Holton's suggestion—he is the Republican Governor of Virginia—that the President should submit to cross-examination about Watergate at a series of press conferences. Sen. Robert P. Griffin, the assistant Republican leader in the Senate, has made the same suggestion. Also, Senator Ervin should, at the first possible moment, release the full text of the report on the so-called "unused" spy plan which, to his mind, reflects the existence of a "Gestapo mentality" at the highest levels of the Nixon Administration. Release of this report and inauguration of a series of press conferences of the type proposed by Governor Holton and Senator Griffin should serve to keep interest in Watergate alive until Labor Day.

To Name a Few

The President has finally made a few staff changes. Melvin Laird and Alexander Haig, shorn of his military title, will replace Ehrlichman and Haldeman. Leonard Garment and Kissinger will stay on. For some weeks now an unusually quiet John Connally has been keeping out of sight in an office in the executive wing, doing we know not what. Ronald Ziegler has been given the appearance of a promotion but will probably meet the press less often. That thankless task will increasingly fall to Gerald L. Warren, deputy White House press aide, who is even more closely programmed than Ziegler. In brief, the reshuffle is disappointing; no new outside talent has been brought in. The problem, of course, is that the President is notoriously choosy. He cannot bring himself to work with individuals with whom he does not have a close personal relation, a circumstance which rather severely limits his range of selection.

But there is a fairly obvious solution. Why doesn't Mr. Nixon summon some of his really close personal friends to the White House in the present emergency—men with whom he feels at ease, with whom he has long and

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close personal, social and business relations, whose company he obviously enjoys? To name a few, there is, first of all, Bebe Rebozo, the Miami realtor and financier, somewhat mysterious but a man whose business interests brought him into close touch with former Sen. George Smathers and former President Lyndon Johnson even before he had met Mr. Nixon. Then there is Elmer Bobst, often referred to as "the President's honorary father," of Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical, a multimillionaire who has contributed handsomely to the President's various campaign funds and who, as a volunteer, has been screening possible appointees to HEW posts in which the drug industry is interested. A third is C. Arnholt Smith, the San Diego tycoon, a long-time confidant of the President. True, the SEC has just charged Mr. Smith with "a massive fraudulent manipulation designed to misappropriate the assets of a West Coast conglomerate he heads and a San Diego bank" (*The New York Times*, June 1). But we have a new Attorney General who can inquire into these charges and, in the meantime, there is no legal reason why the President should not avail himself of Mr. Smith's services. Then there is Robert Abplanalp of Yonkers, the multimillionaire founder of Precision Valve Corp. Mr. Abplanalp is probably closer to the President than any one outside his immediate family—in the sense, that is, that the President frequently visits him at his estate at Grand Cay in the Bahamas and also at Key Biscayne and San Clemente where they are, so to speak, more than neighbors, since they dwell in the same compound. It was Abplanalp who financed Mr. Nixon's acquisition of the San Clemente estate by arrangements so murky that *The New York Times* found even an official White House explanation of the transaction most "unilluminating." Finally there is William E. Griffin, also of Yonkers, attorney for Mr. Abplanalp. It was Mr. Griffin who paid the President $150,000 for two waterfront lots in Key Biscayne which Mr. Nixon had acquired from Bebe Rebozo for $53,100. Messrs. Abplanalp and Griffin were able to acquire one of the four federal bank charters issued in New York State in 1971.

This list is by no means complete but it does demonstrate that talent of the type he prefers exists if the President will only make use of it. Of those named it can be said that they are obviously men of exceptional acumen, energy and managerial ability; they would probably score higher on a Harvard Business School test than Haldeman, Ehrlichman and Dean. They are all close personal friends of the President, perhaps his closest friends (his capacity for friendship being somewhat limited). They have his confidence and he has theirs. They are not ambitious politicians. They have demonstrated their admiration and respect for him in many tangible ways over the years and it can be assumed that Watergate has not dimmed their affection. The President can work with them; they can work with him. An emergency exists at the White House; the list of matters requiring immediate Presidential attention is long and urgent. Given this critical state of affairs and the difficulties the President is having to find replacements for his former aides, the suggestion that he call on his boon companions should not be lightly dismissed.

A Flop and a Fraud

Noting that the cost of food in New York City has jumped nearly 12 per cent in a year, Rep. Bella S. Abzug, in her typically abrasive style, denounces Phase III as "a flop and a fraud." Her remarks are applicable to Phase III generally, but what hits most people hardest is the rising price of food. Treasury Secretary Shultz confesses that it puzzles him. He finds much to confound him, such as that, while the price of groceries soars, bargains in the stock exchange go begging. But he and other Administration wise men could find enlightenment if they would read a recent speech by Gardner Ackley, now of the University of Michigan and formerly (1964-68) chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers.

The stock answer of the Administration is that prices of farm products, especially meats, are determined by the ever-handy and implacable "law" of supply and demand. Supply is down, demand is up, therefore prices are bound to rise, and the remedy is beyond the power of mortal man. But this, Ackley tells us, is "as phony as a three-dollar bill." The agricultural economy of the United States "comes about as close as anything can to a fully planned economy. That's what those 85,000 employees of the Department of Agriculture are for—right down to the local staff in every county. . . . Either the increase in prices was planned, or the planning was miserably done." Actually it was a bit of both. Bad weather can take some of the blame, but good planning involves the provision and management of stocks to meet unexpected conditions.

From his experience in the Council of Economic Advisers, Ackley knows that it was always hard to get the Department of Agriculture to plan with some regard for the consumer, but hardest of all in election years. Last year was no exception—the farmers were given a $2 billion bonus under Phase II to induce them to vote for Richard M. Nixon.

It is not only votes that are bought in this way but campaign contributions. "Yes," Ackley concludes, "farm prices are made by supply and demand. But supply can be and has been so managed that anticipated demand will produce prices high enough to win votes in farm states and prompt big contributions to electoral campaigns." This occurs under Democrats as well as under Republicans, but Mr. Nixon's Administration has gone the limit. The $400,000 contribution of the dairy farmers' associations to the GOP campaign fund in March 1971 was good business for the dairy interests. Even career economists in the Department of Agriculture (no enemies of dairymen) wanted to hold the price line, but after the dairy representatives saw the President a price increase was ordered that netted the milk interests about $300 million a year.

The $400,000 payment was duly reported, but not all such gratuities go on the record. In 1972 the Lehigh Valley Cooperative Farmers wanted Spiro Agnew to speak at their annual meeting. They valued Spiro's name as a convention attraction at $100,000, in the form of a promised campaign contribution. Spiro couldn't make it, so they settled for the more pedestrian Secretary of Agriculture, Earl Butz, but he rated only $50,000, con-

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tributed in two unreported installments after the April 7th deadline, in $100 bills. Apparently some of that money was used to finance the Watergate cover-up.

Ackley also takes note of the accusations that deals with the Russians are responsible for high food prices, and still higher ones to come. As a former ambassador (to Italy, 1968-69), he knows that every embassy has a Department of Agriculture attaché who is supposed to monitor and report on trends in the country where he is stationed. Either the attachés in Eastern Europe were asleep or their advice was ignored. The Soviet shortages were certainly visible a year ahead, if not longer.

What is to be done? Farm prices must be managed with the objective of stability rather than of an instability that ever leans toward inflation. Planning must be for the benefit of the consumer, not of special interests or with an eye to campaign contributions. A first step would be to fire Earl Butz. This is not merely *The Nation* demanding the scalp of a faithful Nixon servant. *Business Week*, in an editorial quoted by Professor Ackley, makes the same suggestion:

> When the most productive agricultural country in the world finds itself facing runaway prices and food shortages, it needs a new policy and new people to administer the policy. The only way President Nixon can now do what must be done with prices is to overhaul the Agriculture Department, beginning with the removal of Secretary Butz.

An 'Operetta'?

The junta of colonels who tyrannize over Greece called the abortive naval coup an operetta and used it to dethrone King Constantine II. The many-titled premier, George Papadopoulos, could have knocked off Constantine any time during the six years of the King's exile, but it was more to the colonels' interest to let Constantine sit it out in Rome (with a $580,000 annual stipend provided by the junta) until the navy, presumably incited by Constantine, brought matters to a head. Nevertheless, the affair is no musical comedy. It may have important national and international consequences.

It is an indication, also, that the junta has a by no means secure grip on the Greek people. The King is not important in himself. In the past century and a half Greece has been racked by coups and counter-coups, and seven kings have been exiled. Papadopoulos' broadcast blast against the King and his appointment of a "provisional President" [himself] elicited no support from the populace. "It's nice to know we now have a President instead of a King," one citizen remarked, "but we would prefer, please, to select our own President."

Disaffection in the military services is nothing new under the colonels' Procrustean rule. The thirty-two naval officers who were recently arrested joined some 200 who were already in prison. Presumably the thirty-two will be tried for treason, since they plotted to rendezvous as many naval units as possible at the Greek island of Syros and threaten a blockade of the country's two principal ports—Piraeus and Salonika. When the junta got wind of the plan and took countermeasures, the destroyer *Velos* dropped out of a NATO exercise off Sardinia and its captain, six officers and twenty-four crew members asked for, and were granted, asylum in the Italian port of Fiumicino. Royalist influence has always been strong in the navy and air force, more so than in the army.

Of equal importance to unrest in the armed forces is the existence, for the first time since the colonels seized power in 1967, of a well-organized underground. It has none of the quixotic trappings of a Che Guevara venture, nor is it a large-scale guerrilla movement equipped with machine guns, hand grenades and the like, but it is politically formidable and it is biding its time. That may arrive sooner than seemed possible before the naval revolt. The Greek economy is in bad shape, inflation is rising, and unrest feeds on discontent. Some foreign observers who follow events in Greece suggest that, far from being a Graustarkian affair, the attempted coup may mark a watershed in the Greek situation.

All Europe, and the United States, are involved in the fate of the Greek dictatorship. Capt. Nicholas Pappas, who led the mutiny aboard the *Velos,* sent a message to Washington through the Associated Press. A forthright American gesture is necessary, the Captain declared, "to end widespread belief in his country that the U.S. bears responsibility for the coming to power and continuance of the military regime in Greece." An officer still in service is quoted in the Washington *Star* to the effect that, though the abortive coup was led by royalists, they did not intend to return Constantine to the throne at this juncture. Their aim, he said, was "to end the present stagnation. Six years with no elections, no civil rights, is too long. The King was a figurehead, no more, an end to the present impasse." Aside from the colonels, there appears to be a good deal of sense among the Greek officer class.

There is no question that the Pentagon has given invaluable assistance to the colonels. But this is beginning to look downright stupid, even on narrow military grounds. Aside from the military men in prison, the country is full of officers cashiered for royalist sympathies. As the southern bastion of NATO, Greece appears increasingly vulnerable.

Henry Kissinger might move against the colonels one of these days. President Nixon desperately needs a "Congress of Vienna" type of European summit to help extricate himself from his multiplying domestic troubles. But much of Europe is hostile to the colonels: the Scandinavians certainly; also the Dutch, and West Germany under Brandt. The Dulles policy of support for dictatorships everywhere in the world, as long as they were sufficiently anti-Communist, has about run its course, and Greece may be the locale where the break finally comes.

In this situation Nixon can expect Congressional support. On June 5, eighty-one Congressmen, Republican and Democratic, asked the President to undertake a "serious review" of U.S. policy on Greece. "The perpetuation of the abnormal dictatorial conditions," they wrote, "and accompanying unrest in Greece will not only jeopardize that nation's military capability but also that of the Western alliance. America's strategic, moral and political interests are at stake." Here is a chance to rectify one of our many post-World War II international errors.

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White Workers Wise Up

Los Angeles

The racial conflicts and social upheavals of the last decade now seem to be giving way to a new rationalism in Californian (and perhaps American) politics. Nothing could be more symbolic of this long overdue shift away from the blinding emotionalism of the 1960s than the recent mayoral elections in Los Angeles, where the ultra-conservative incumbent, Samuel Yorty, has suffered a landslide defeat by Thomas Bradley, a 56-year-old black city councilman.

Coming after black electoral victories in Gary, Cleveland and Newark, the Los Angeles elections may appear to many anti-climactic. However, it should be kept in mind that Los Angeles is not just another American city: it is the nation's third largest and one of its richest. Moreover, except for one or two small towns in the East, large black electoral constituencies have previously been the critical factors in the victories of Afro-American candidates for mayor. Yet blacks make up only about 18 per cent of the population in Los Angeles.

While Bradley did carry the predominantly black 8th, 9th and 10th councilmanic districts by 95 per cent, the significant fact about the Los Angeles elections was what amounted almost to a mass boycott of the polls by the conservative white working class of the San Fernando Valley. Yorty stated repeatedly that he doubted he could win without the working-class vote and he did everything possible to stampede them to the polls. He warned of a "black bloc vote" and even predicted a "radical takeover" of the city if Bradley were elected.

Four years ago, when Bradley forced Yorty into a run-off, the latter's open appeal to the emotional insecurities and racial hatred of whites—coming at the close of a decade of racial conflict and other forms of social unrest—succeeded in scaring out enough of the conservative working-class vote to stage a Yorty victory when the polls had shown him running behind. This year such antics alienated the Valley voters and drove the large undecided vote into Bradley's corner. This, together with Bradley's capture of the liberal white westside and student-dominated precincts, was enough.

Yet other developments hurt Yorty at least as much as the racist manner in which he conducted his campaign. One was his absenteeism. Yorty spent a great deal of time traveling to foreign cities—so much time that Bradley's charge that Los Angeles was virtually running itself apparently made more sense to the electorate than did Yorty's explanation that he was "drumming up trade." But the real clincher came a day or two before the polls were to open, when it was discovered that the late Eleanor Chambers, a deputy mayor, had arranged a $50,000 life insurance policy for Yorty which was paid for out of "Citizens for Yorty" funds. (The policy will have a death benefit of $82,000 and a cash value of $57,030 next year.) When asked why he had accepted the gift, Yorty's only retort was "I earned it." Allowing for the possible explanation that Yorty, a veteran politician, was caught off guard by the unexpected disclosure of his financial dealings (which, by the way, came from within the ranks of his own campaign), there is only one other probable reason why—what with Watergate and rising food prices—the Mayor made no serious effort to counteract charges of corruption and conflict of interest: he underestimated the intelligence of his white working-class constituency.

If in fact Mayor Sam Yorty did fall victim to a rising political consciousness among his blue-collar supporters, he is not alone in his defeat. Indeed, the first victims of this trend were the activist Left and the liberal establishment, both of whom were rejected by the white working class in the 1960s. However, quite to the surprise of many (including the writer), Tom Bradley, the son of a black sharecropper from Calvert, Tex., has demonstrated that all is not lost as far as the white working class is concerned. The Left still has a chance. For while the San Fernando Valley electorate may not be anywhere close to joining their black inner-city counterparts to do battle against the capitalist system, many are evidently beginning to see through the patriotic rhetoric of their would-be allies on the political Right. In this respect, the fact that Valley voters did not come out for Bradley is of much less significance than their refusal to re-elect Yorty.

J. K. OBATALA, *Chairman*
Department of Black Studies
California State University, Long Beach

Peace Ship

Abie S. Nathan is a former Israeli café owner and airplane pilot who made news in the late 1960s with solo flights to Egypt to argue for peace in the Middle East. The Egyptian officials promptly deported him each time, and, as was to be expected, he was subjected by both sides to the ridicule that was Henry Ford's portion when he dispatched his Peace Ship to Europe in an attempt to stop World War I.

The irrepressible Nathan has now fitted out a small (570-ton) freighter as a floating broadcasting station in the Mediterranean, from which he propagandizes for peace in the Middle East in English, French, Hebrew and Arabic. With two 25-kilowatt transmitters feeding into a 160-foot high antenna, Nathan blankets Israel and the nearer Arab countries nine hours daily with what *The New York Times* describes as "music, news and upbeat patter about peace prospects. . . ."

"We want to start a genuine dialogue among the people of the Middle East," Nathan told the *Times* reporter. "We are going to be out here broadcasting live debates and dialogues among ordinary Israelis and Arabs and get their views on how to solve the problem. The politicians and diplomats have all failed; now let's give the people a chance."

The ship was outfitted at a cost of $250,000 while docked at West New York, N.J. Most of the equipment and supplies were contributed; the Campbell Soup Co., for instance, donated 10,000 cans of soup and spaghetti. The crew is international and works for token salaries of $100 a month. Operating expenses run to about $10,000 a month, which Nathan hopes to obtain by broadcasting ten minutes of commercials a day. Experience with pirate broadcasting ships in the North Sea presumably is the basis for this forecast.

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without a declaration of war does not excuse Nixon's criminality. Neither does it excuse the Congress for not exercising its constitutional checks.

Likewise, Nixon's impoundment of appropriated funds and his transfer of appropriated funds from the purposes for which they were designated to other unauthorized uses is an example of police-state dictatorship in another area of Executive activity. It is in violation of the Separation of Powers Doctrine of the Constitution. The American people should understand that if the growing trend toward the use of police-state procedures by American Presidents is to be stopped, the Congress and the Supreme Court must exercise the legislative and judicial checks provided in the Constitution against such abuses.

In the event that Presidents themselves or the Congress or the Supreme Court do not protect the American people in their constitutional rights, the voters must unite at the ballot box to make clear to officials in the three branches of our federal government that they are the servants, not the masters, of American citizenry. An aroused American public should teach the President and the Congress that it is much more important that our constitutional system of checks and balances remain inviolate than that any federal officeholder, elected or appointed, who violates this doctrine should remain in office.

The types of political corruption which produced the Watergate burglary and its associated crimes are not singular to this one horrible example of politics at its worst. The American public must insist that Congress pass, and the President sign, legislative controls on political campaigning that will cleanse the streams of American politics of their many pollutants. Big money from corrupting sources was part of what made Watergate possible. I have often said that, when I reach the point of writing the chapter on political financing in a book on which I am working, I will probably be writing about the number-one cause of political corruption in American politics.

It is a shuddering and shattering experience for those people who would prefer to believe only the best of politics and politicians to come face to face with the Watergate debacle. However, the ugly fact is that too many politicians are "kept" politicians, in that they are not free to exercise an honest independence of judgment on the merits of each issue that comes before them, and in accordance with the facts as they find them.

Let us hope that one of the results of Watergate will be a sustained and irrepressible public demand for a thorough overhaul of our election campaign laws. Let us hope also that the Senate Select Committee on Presidential Campaign Activities and the Department of Justice, acting through Mr. Cox, the special prosecutor, will see to it that the interests of the American people, in accordance with the rules of justice, are fully protected in the prosecution of all who were involved in the Watergate corruption. □

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During the summer, *The Nation* will *not* appear on the following dates: July 9, 23, August 6, 20.

NO PEACE IN THE QUAGMIRE

THE CANADIANS ARE COMING HOME

DAVID VAN PRAAGH

Ottawa

Even as a reflection on the nature of President Nixon's "peace with honor," Canada's withdrawal from the International Commission of Control and Supervision (ICCS) is not a major chapter in the Vietnamese saga. However, it could turn out to be a milestone in the largely forgotten story of international cooperation for genuine peace. With the changes being wrought by the Watergate and related revelations, it is barely possible to conceive of a retreat from bully-boy diplomacy to the international principles that guided men like Dag Hammarskjöld and Lester B. Pearson. In announcing on May 29 that Canada's delegation will leave the ICCS by July 31 at the latest, External Affairs Minister Mitchell Sharp made clear that it had proved impossible to follow these principles in Vietnam. What he could not say explicitly without undercutting Canada's image as probably the world's leading peacekeeping nation was that the Liberal Party government of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau almost got stuck in the Vietnamese quagmire.

Some would claim that Canadian credentials are indelibly smudged by years of service to the United States in Indochina as a member of the international control commissions created by the 1954 Geneva Accords, and especially by serving the Nixon Administration as a member of the ICCS formed by the Vietnam cease-fire agreement signed last January. The Provisional Revolutionary Government's response to Sharp's announcement was that the Canadian delegation "several times proved to be lacking objectivity and impartiality." But it is saying something for Canadian diplomacy that the delegation of nearly 300 military officers and men and external affairs officers will leave on Ottawa's initiative within six months of going in, at a time when Henry Kissinger is talking

David Van Praagh, correspondent in South and Southeast Asia for the Toronto Globe and Mail *from 1965 to 1972, is visiting associate professor at Carleton University, Ottawa. He is writing a book about non-Communist Asian countries.*

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of tighter implementation of the cease-fire agreement. More than rhetoric and sensitivity was contained in Sharp's statement to the House of Commons—which had voted unanimously in January to deplore U.S. bombing of the Hanoi area—that "we have no need to listen mutely now or later to any charges that we have acted partially; we can be proud of our objectivity in the commission and of our attempts to see this impartiality as an integral part of commission activities."

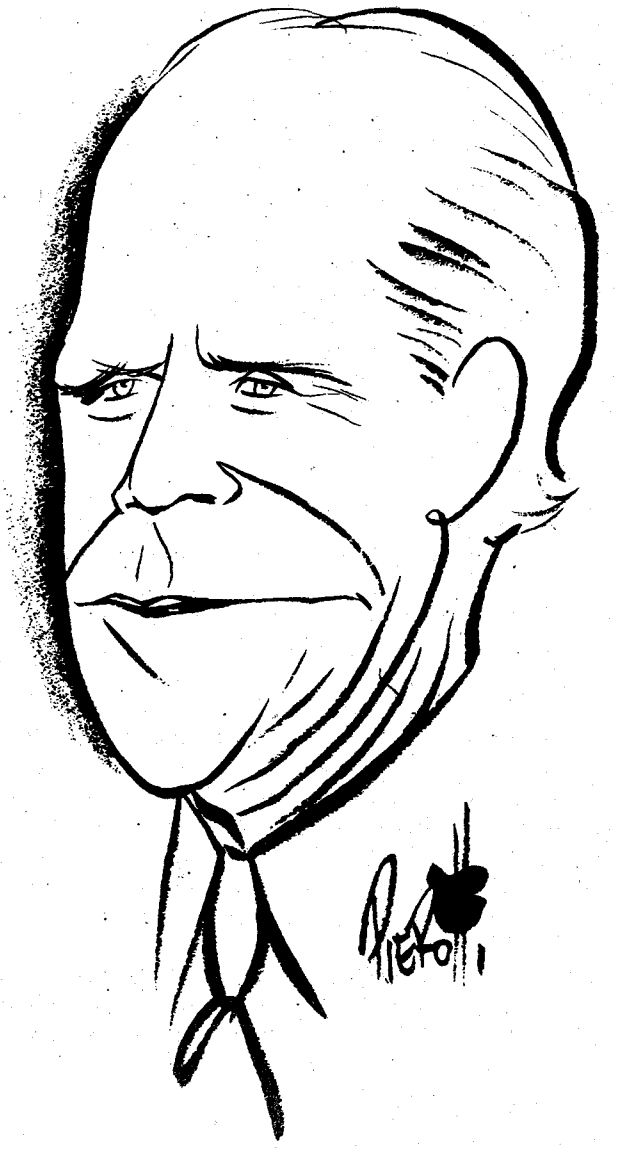
The record does not entirely support Trudeau's minister, since both official and popular Canadian attitudes toward the Vietnamese War have been ambivalent throughout.

On the one hand, despite Canada's historic suspicion of the giant below the border, there has been an underlying sympathy for U.S. efforts to fight "communism" in Asia. On the other, partly because of traditional anti-Yankee feeling and the missionary streak in Canadian politics, there has been moral revulsion at many U.S. acts in Indochina. *Maclean's Magazine* has made a case that "Vietnamization" by the United States has contributed significantly to growing Canadian nationalism.

When Kissinger's "peace is at hand" statement of last October 26 was accompanied by an assumption in Washington that Canada would serve on a new truce commission in Vietnam, three factors began to influence Ottawa's thinking. A fourth major factor was added when, in the federal election of October 30, Trudeau's Liberal majority in the House of Commons was reduced to a minority that kept his government in power only with the support of the New Democratic Party.

The first factor was Canada's bitter experience in Indochina since 1954. On the control commissions in Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia—the last went out of business in early 1970 as a result of one of Prince Norodom Sihanouk's final acts as chief of state—Canada was almost invariably regarded as the "Western" member. This was due not so much to U.S. pressure as to the make-up of the commissions. Poland took a Communist position and India, as chairman, maintained that its "neutrality" demanded that it seek unanimous action, which usually meant no action at all. Probably the main reason that Canada stayed was to head off a request by President Johnson for Canadian combat troops. When Kissinger and his deputy, William Sullivan, asked for a new truce body, with Canada as a member, a task force of experienced Canadian officials was quickly formed to plan for every contingency the new international group might meet. The Canadian suggestions, amounting to a neutral commission with "teeth," were largely ignored by the Nixon Administration.

Impending trade talks with the United States were the second factor in Canada's consideration of a new role in Vietnam as part of a "peace" that obviously meant much to Nixon. The North Vietnamese crossed Nixon in negotiations, or so he apparently thought, and suffered sustained bombing. Would vital Canadian trade preferences be destroyed by a vindictive President who didn't get what he wanted from Canada in Vietnam? This question came to merge with the new factor of Trudeau's political instability. But it was always speculative, as was the intensity of popular opposition to Canada's new involvement in Vietnam. Unlike his predecessor, the late Lester Pearson, Trudeau has always hung back from open or even private criticism of U.S. war policies. Several "economic" ministers in Trudeau's cabinet opposed Canadian withdrawal, as did Defense Minister James Richardson. But by early May it was fairly certain that no strong feeling for continued Canadian participation was going to emerge in Washington. All U.S. prisoners of war had been freed under nominal ICCS supervision, and it was clear that the commission would or could do little or nothing to prevent continuing war in Indochina.



Mitchell Sharp

The situation was different last October, and in January, when Canada agreed to go into Vietnam for a sixty-day trial period, and in March, when its stay was extended another sixty days. During this period U.S. pressure, as well as the weight of opinion in the international community, was strongly for a Canadian presence. Into late May an unchanging, almost instinctive factor in Canadian calculations was the effect of the new truce organization in Vietnam on international peace-

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keeping or peace-observation operations generally and on Canada's role in such missions.

Canada has taken part in every United Nations operation of this kind, from Kashmir to Cyprus, as well as the truce commissions for Indochina. In announcing that Canada was taking the unprecedented step of withdrawing from a peace-observation group, Sharp suggested that other countries as well as his own should draw the conclusion that such operations ought to be "truly international," i.e., under U.N. authority. With the ICCS, he said, "There was no chance whatever that our concept of an impartial fact-finding team reporting quickly and reporting to an international authority would be accepted."

Canada's bid for a higher authority to which the ICCS could report, either U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim or the Security Council, was turned down at the Paris peace conference, with only Britain (co-chairman with the Soviet Union of the Geneva Accords) supporting Ottawa. Using Air America helicopters, the ICCS does better in the way of mobility than did the earlier control commissions, although all team sites have not been occupied. But perhaps partly because of Canada's "open-mouth" policy on the commission, four members with no chairman have not been able to agree any more readily than three members with a chairman. Sharp acknowledged that support by two commission members—Hungary and Poland—of the Communist side in Vietnam was pushing the other two members—Canada and Indonesia—into seeming to back the other side. In fact, Canadian neutrality was breaking down in Vietnam, and this as much as anything convinced the Trudeau government that it had to get out.

While Sharp himself has never been known to take an anti-U.S. stand, statements by Canada's commissioner in Vietnam, Michel Gauvin, were proving an increasing embarrassment. Gauvin, the ambassador to Greece, was chosen for the job because, as a former World War II combat officer, he gets along well with military types.

When an ICCS helicopter was downed in Vietcong territory April 7, Gauvin accepted the U.S. story (later disproved by Canadian investigators) that the wreckage was moved by Communist helicopters, and he never stopped insisting that North Vietnamese troops may have shot it down. He openly backed U.S. charges that fresh North Vietnamese troops were infiltrating into the South. The interrogation by Canadian and Indonesian officers of four captured North Vietnamese led to a proposed commission report blaming Hanoi, at which Hungary and Poland balked in a bitter dispute with Gauvin.

One is almost inclined to suspect that the Canadians picked a quarrel with their colleagues to demonstrate the commission's futility. Whether or not Canada would have announced its intention to withdraw if there were still heavy U.S. pressure to stay, there is no doubting Canadian faith in international ideals that simply are not present in Vietnam.

The ICCS was never meant to be a peacekeeping operation like Cyprus or the Congo or Pearson's U.N. emergency force in the Middle East. No military force is involved in overseeing a cease-fire and reporting on violations. But a common will toward peace by belligerents and observers alike is required, and the Canadians knew from the start that this was unlikely.

They are not sanguine enough to believe that peacekeeping or peace observation is easy anywhere, nor are they paragons of impartiality. But they are experienced in the conditions necessary for international peace supervision to work, and in leaving Vietnam they not only expose a phony peace but hint at the cooperative climate needed to make peace work anywhere. □

THE LESS MILITANT CAMPUS

NO RETREAT FROM COMMITMENT

STEPHEN R. WEISSMAN

Stanford

The students at the country's major universities have stopped seizing buildings and breaking windows, and the mass media are interpreting this as a retreat from social concerns and radical commitments. The president of Columbia University may have set the tone for countless commencement speeches by noting on his campus this year's "nostalgic rediscovery" of the "half-forgotten joys" and "golden optimism" of the 1950s.

Having spent the past year as a research associate at Stanford University, and after interviewing dozens of students, faculty members and administrators, I'm skeptical of these analyses. In fact, the students here maintain a high level of critical social and political consciousness, although its manifestations are less dramatic, disruptive of academic routines, and all-pervasive than they were in the days of mass mobilization. That significant minority which was more or less "radicalized" by the activism of recent years has become even more deeply committed to the struggle for major social changes. Far from being disillusioned, they are in general better organized and less millenarian, more strategy-oriented and less contaminated by the excesses of counter-culture "spontaneity."

And they have been refreshed by troops from new movements, particularly women and Chicanos, whose specific grievances often lead to more critical social perspectives. The new campus movement uses the gains of the 1960s—the institutionalizing of a critical opposition

Stephen Weissman, a political science research associate in the Stanford University Community Development Study, is the author of American Foreign Policy in the Congo, 1960-64, *to be published by the Cornell University Press.*

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in the educational sphere, the opportunity to relate to off-campus political groups—to involve a large minority in a multitude of social issues. Indeed, the combined number of students doing such things as investigating prison conditions and responding to prisoners' legal and educational needs, organizing support for the United Farm Workers Union in its battle with the Teamsters and growers, studying and experimenting with curricula for free schools, working for McGovern as a step toward pushing the country to the Left, and setting up a counseling center on alternative, socially relevant vocations, is probably larger than the number who sat-in during 1969 and 1970.

There is, to be sure, less opportunity for casual participation, as by attending a mass rally, than there was in the apocalyptic days. There's even some breathing space for such conservative side phenomena as a mini-revival of fraternities and the flowering of the Jesus movement. But the reigning ideology is liberal. Campus resocialization carries a large minority of privileged white students to Left-liberal or radical positions, either through direct involvement in issues or by a less tangible cultural osmosis. The forms of political action do challenge the system, although they are less violent than those of an earlier period.

And Stanford may not be untypical of the current situation on America's "elite" campuses, from which the movement of the 1960s sprang. It is, if anything, more "bourgeois" and "suburban" than Harvard, Columbia, Berkeley and Cornell. According to the university's placement counselors, most Stanford students are sorely tempted to spend their lives, in whatever capacity, amid the enticing and distracting lushness of Palo Alto, Los Altos Hills and Portola Valley.

On examination, the notion of a return to the 1950s seems illusory. At the end of that decade Stanford had twenty-six fraternities and an overwhelming preference for Richard Nixon as the next President of the United States. By the mid-1960s, things had changed somewhat. David Harris returned from Mississippi summer, became student union president by appealing to students in the dorms rather than those in the fraternities, and started the Resistance. In 1969-71 several hundred among Stanford's 11,000 students were willing, at appropriate moments, to become involved in high-risk, forceful action against the university's military research and ROTC programs. Several thousand others rallied to support these demands and heard far-reaching criticisms of American society. A majority of these voted, in special referenda, for the demilitarization of the university, American withdrawal from Southeast Asia, the Panther demand for liberation of all political prisoners, and the reinstatement of radical Prof. H. Bruce Franklin who was fired in a *cause célèbre* of academic freedom for such alleged incidents as encouraging students to shut down a Computation Center where a war-related program was being run off. (See "The Discontents of Stanford" by Sherman B. Chickering, *The Nation*, March, 13, 1972.)

This year only fourteen fraternities remain; 80 per cent of student voters went for George McGovern; the newly installed student government is every bit as activist and Left-leaning as its recent predecessors, although the *Stanford Daily* has acquired a less militant (but liberal) staff. The number of students enrolled in Stanford Workshops on Political and Social Issues (SWOPSI), a sort of counter-curriculum for credit which resulted from Movement agitation, has doubled in the past year. Student leaders of varying political persuasions characterize the present phase as one of "high consciousness and low mobilization." Faculty members with whom I spoke tended to agree. Asst. Prof. Ward Watt, who teaches introductory biology, observed that his students are more persevering and "less distracted by mass excitation" than three years ago, but adds, "They are quite interested in social problems. I've never found as much interest in the connections between science and these other questions. I don't think there are indications that they're moving down and turning in." John Mollenkopf, an assistant professor of political science, has noted that his classes are "shot through with a large number of people who were permanently changed by anti-war stuff, the Movement, who talk of intellectual issues but are sometimes confused about current directions." In the Law School, Prof. Anthony Amsterdam believes that the "marked change" in law student activism that resulted from the 1960s has persisted in this less noisy era. He detects "no decrease in social consciousness" in the last two or three years. The dean of undergraduate admissions, Fred Hargadon, flatly states that "a large majority of candidates accepted are socially conscious and concerned with issues." Although Hargadon is skeptical as to the depth of their commitment and regards the rapid succession of issues as a symptom of "media other-direction," he has become accustomed to application essays on Vietnam, racism and ecology, rather than "My Experiences Fishing with Maine Lobstermen."

Why, then, has the largest mass mobilization this year been a quiet rally of 800 in January, following Nixon's decision to bomb for peace in North Vietnam? According to Dan Brenner, a junior who is opinions editor of the *Daily*, "Students today are less prone to go out on the Embarcadero and get arrested because they feel it is not an effective technique." Brent Appel, a former student union co-president who is in his fifth year at Stanford, explains, "The issue is what I can do. Demonstrations are not seen as viable—all has been heard before, it's not novel now, the average Middle American won't be reached. People are looking for new tactics." Past mobilizations also created an ideological momentum which was bound to undermine the logic of the initial tactics. Bob Saunders, another fifth-year student who is also an alternative vocations counselor, thinks: "People's expectations got to be higher than their tactics, which couldn't themselves change society. Even if you got the Defense Department off campus [*which largely occurred*], *the* capitalist structure and imperialism survived." Bruce Franklin, now laboring off campus as a member of the Central Committee of Venceremos, a Marxist-Leninist organization, speaks of the "apparent paradox" of "a low level of militant activity and high consciousness": "Because people have a high level of consciousness they don't see what they can do about [oppression]."

Another important factor in the subsidence of large

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eruptions has been the removal of draft pressures. In the context of Vietnam, conscription was more than a personal threat; it was, in Appel's phrase, "a symbol of government coercion at your back door." Radical organizers today have not found a similar cross-cutting incentive for campus mobilization. Finally, the labor market and graduate school gluts have undoubtedly taken some toll of activism even at a prestige school like Stanford.

But while the shift away from mass mobilization has left some of the more casual former participants feeling frustrated, powerless, and occasionally cynical, that has not been the general reaction of those who were more deeply touched. There is widespread agreement with Appel's judgment that "the number of people who really commit a substantial part of their lives to social change is increasing." Furthermore, as *Daily* columnist Bill Evers points out, "The new New Left is more organized, less hedonistic and politically crazy. Achievement orientation has come back more and there's a more sensible time horizon." Leslie Rabine, a graduate student who has been active organizing women's groups remarks, "At the point where the Movement was generally at its height there was a lot of reliance on spontaneity. Now there's better organization, more solid ties. It's much more serious and long range." In organizing students, the new New Left has emphasized both consciousness raising and meaningful action. And it has made good use of the post-1960s educational revolution: greater openness of the campus to outside social change groups and the incorporation of a significant number of student-initiated, action-oriented courses. Here follow some examples of current activity.

Student government co-president Kevin O'Grady, a first-year medical student, headed the local McGovern campaign which involved more than 400 people. With other McGovern workers and veterans of the Movement he formed SCOPE (Stanford Committee on Political Education) which recently presented a four-day conference focusing on domestic repression. The most prominent of eight Left-liberal and radical speakers was Daniel Ellsberg, who attracted 1,600 spectators. Ten years ago major universities did not countenance public appearances by individuals under indictment.

Through SWOPSI, a group of students is researching

Speak Out

Because this is the season of commencements, The Nation *here reprints an edited version of what is perhaps the finest commencement address ever delivered in America. John Jay Chapman gave it, in the spring of 1900, to the graduating class of Hobart College. The full text of this address is to be found in* The Collected Works of John Jay Chapman *(Volume VI), published in 1970 by M & S Press, Weston, Mass.*

You believe that the abuses under the Russian Government are inscrutably different from and worse than our own; whereas both sets of atrocities are identical in principle, and are more alike in fact, in taste and smell and substance than your prejudice is willing to admit.

Life is not a boarding school where a bad boy can be dismissed for the benefit of the rest. He remains. He must be dealt with. He is as much here as we are ourselves.

The voice of humanity is stifled by corruption; and corruption is only an evil because it stifles men.

Try to raise a voice that shall be heard from here to Albany and watch what it is that comes forward to shut off the sound. It is not a German sergeant, nor a Russian officer of the precinct. It is a note from a friend of your father's, offering you a place in his office.

This is your warning from the secret police. Why, if any of you young gentlemen have a mind to make himself heard a mile off, you must make a bonfire of your reputations and a close enemy of most men who wish you well.

I have seen ten years of young men who rush out into the world with their messages, and when they find how deaf the world is, they think they must save their strength and wait. They believe that after a while they will be able to get up on some little eminence from which they can make themselves heard. "In a few years," reasons one of them, "I shall have gained a standing, and then, I will use my power for good." Next year comes and with it a strange discovery. The man has lost his horizon of thought. His ambition has evaporated; he has nothing to say.

Social and business prominence look like advantages, and so they are if you want money. But if you want moral influence you may bless God you have not got them.

They are the payment with which the world subsidizes men to keep quiet, and there is no subtlety or cunning by which you can get them without paying in silence.

This is the great law of humanity, that has existed since history began, and will last while man lasts—evil, selfishness and silence are one thing.

When I was asked to make this address I wondered what I had to say to you boys who are graduating. And I think I have one thing to say: If you wish to be useful, never take a course that will silence you. Refuse to learn anything that you cannot proclaim. Refuse to accept anything that implies collusion, whether it be a clerkship or a curacy, a legal fee or a post in a university.

Retain the power of speech, no matter what other power you lose. If you can take this course, and insofar as you take it, you will bless this country. Insofar as you depart from this course you become dampers, mutes and hooded executioners.

As for your own private character it will be preserved by such a course. Crime you cannot commit, for crime gags you. Collusion with any abuse gags you.

As a practical matter a mere failure to speak out upon occasions where no opinion is asked or expected of you, and when the utterance of an uncalled-for suspicion is odious, will often hold you to a concurrence in palpable iniquity. It will bind and gag you and lay you dumb and in shackles like the veriest serf in Russia.

I give you this one rule of conduct. Do what you will, but speak out always.

Be shunned, be hated, be ridiculed, be scared, be in doubt, but don't be gagged.

The time of trial is always. Now is the appointed time.

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practical health-care alternatives for farm workers, in response to "an agricultural and economic system which values profits and productivity more than people, combined with a health-care system which creates barriers to accessibility and acceptability of health services." All research will be made available to the farm workers and their appropriate community organizations. Moreover, a number of students plan to join a larger group from Stanford which will work with the United Farm Workers this summer in their battle against the Teamster-grower alliance.

Senior Elaine Wong, who started some of the first women's study groups at Stanford, estimates that up to 200 women are actively involved in SWOPSI and other student-initiated courses focusing on women's liberation. Women's caucuses are active in the Law and Medical Schools as well as in some undergraduate departments. For most of the women organizers with whom I spoke, liberation goes beyond careerism to the redefinition of alienating occupations and institutions. A group of white women joined their Chicana sisters in picketing a department store which was selling Farah slacks.

Approximately fifty law students are active in prison, civil liberties and rights, or legal aid work. Fifteen undergraduates are getting a first-hand look at prison through a SWOPSI project, teaching black and Chicano studies and general education to inmates at Soledad.

One of the most important indications of deepening commitment has been the profusion of student-conceived courses on alternative vocations. Through policy research and direct practice, many students are learning about such structural experiments as free clinics and migrant labor health centers, free schools, law communes and the alternative media. Synergy Center, devoted to the integration of new, socially meaningful vocations and life styles, is training twenty-five counselors through a SWOPSI course. In the academic sphere, future professors of leftist bent have formed study groups in at least the following departments: History, Political Science and Economics.

Most of this activity is publicized in the *Daily* and has some influence on general student consciousness. For instance, a small demonstration against fraternity sexism is said to have dominated dinner conversations in some dorms for weeks.

Black students have always been chary of joining the white movement at Stanford. At the moment, according to black student union president Charles Ogletree, "The emphasis is on acquiring the best resources available to achieve educational success." Former black student leader Mike Dawson, who graduated last year and now works for Stanford Linear Accelerator, confirms that "As of a year ago, one trend was to more interest in the classical professions and a decrease in community involvement. Earlier there was more talk of the university as a laboratory to practice skills in the community. Recently there has been less interest in political and more in cultural issues." Although there are exceptions, this seems to portray the general drift. Perhaps it is an inevitable characteristic of first-generation-in-college, upwardly mobile ethnics, but some think that rising admissions requirements for blacks and the withdrawal of the Panthers from the campuses have also played a role. The less firmly established Chicanos, who can look to the example of Cesar Chavez, have been somewhat more active.

With the end of the shattering mass mobilizations of the late 1960s, conservative groupings have picked up a bit. There has been an increase in the number of students choosing to live in fraternities, but nothing very spectacular. The principal manifestation of conservative political thought is the Radical Libertarian organization which has about sixty members. But its program, a hybrid of Milton Friedman economic liberalism and New Left anti-militarism, would give cold comfort to Richard Nixon or David Packard.

Perhaps the largest and most rapidly growing group on campus is the amorphous "Jesus movement." It is sponsored by evangelical Protestant organizations and appears to have a few hundred followers. Previously based mainly in Western high schools, it ran a highly successful canvassing operation in the freshman dorms this year. The movement offers peace and joy through a personal relationship with Jesus, who is considered to be an active force shaping people's lives. It stands for many of the old tenets of fundamentalist morality but has imparted a new flexibility toward youthful indiscretions, clothing styles and even women's lib. Its characteristic activities are Bible study sessions, which have incorporated some aspects of encounter groups; joint prayer, and summer retreats. For the fairly conservative young people who embrace it (a good many are athletes), it seems to provide an antidote to competitive personal relations, self-doubt, indecision and institutional impersonality that they do not find in "good works" Christianity. Freshman Carol Sawyer expressed some themes which recurred in my conversations with Jesus people:

> I was hung up on decisions, relations with people, how I was going to change things—I haven't such control. Now that I have Christ, He guides me in my decision. No matter which way I go I don't get hung up on it. No matter where I go I have a peace about my decision. I'm less self-centered—He's helped me. I can get along better with some, have understanding and love for them, through my relation with Christ. When I came to Stanford I knew some Christians. I noticed they were like little lights—so happy, joyful, had a peace, weren't upset. I found out some even prayed for me when I blew an exam or my mom was mad at me. They related to me on a very personal, interested basis. The Lord has special timing for me. They had something. I wanted their peace and joy.

However inwardly turning and apolitical, the Jesus movement is no return to the values of the 1950s. It seems more connected to the social strains that gave rise to the counter-culture of the 1960s. Its followers are critical of the competitive insecurity and empty materialism of American life, and disillusioned by the failure of national power, science and sometimes the student movement to solve these problems. Many have come to the Jesus movement after experiences with drugs or Eastern religions.

Needless to say, college students of the industrialized Western nations can never by themselves be a decisive revolutionary force. But, as events in France and the

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United States have shown, they can be the cutting edge of a troubled society. If their movements are marked by the impermanence of their educational experience, it is also true that the young, by their self-definitions, have shaped "political generations." (Nearly all the Stanford student leaders of the 1960s are now in "alternative vocations" which permit them to continue their work for political change.) Kenneth Keniston and others have shown that the contradictions of our society have produced large numbers of "committed" or "alienated" young people who come together in many of our best universities. As a result of the 1960s, these universities are even more open to political thought and practice than they were in the 1950s. While the forms of involvement have responded to changing external conditions, the critical thrust seems firmly established. □

AFTER BUFFALO CREEK

BUREAUCRACY OF DISASTERS

TOM NUGENT

Perched high on the western flank of the Appalachian Mountains, Buffalo Creek Hollow, W. Va., is a narrow, 17-mile-long valley where 5,000 people once lived in a string of sixteen coal-mining settlements. At one minute past eight on the morning of February 26, 1972, a massive, coal-waste dam, operated by a New York conglomerate's coal-mining subsidiary and located at the very top of the hollow suddenly collapsed. Within three hours, the worst flood in West Virginia history killed 125 people, destroyed almost 1,000 homes, and caused at least $50 million in property damage.

Today, more than fifteen months after the break in the dam, the larger dimensions of the Buffalo Creek tragedy are becoming apparent. The disaster no longer produces nationwide headlines, since its most visible effects—the dramatic deaths and the catastrophic property losses—were long ago reported. Gradually, however, many of the flood victims have begun to realize that the worst part of the disaster actually came in the weeks and months which followed the dam's collapse.

Most of the flood victims were uprooted from the land on which they had lived for generations, and resettled among strangers, in rows of identical, government trailers. Many of them began to develop psychological problems, irrational phobias and guilts which psychologists say are directly traceable to the killer flood. Some of the survivors say they have been forced to haggle, endlessly and infuriatingly, with tight-fisted coal company adjusters who refuse to make fair payment for property losses.

Worst of all, perhaps, the vast majority of Buffalo Creek's former inhabitants have been required to sit in their temporary trailers, helplessly idle, while a whole portfolio of ambitious, elegantly drawn government plans to rebuild their valley first faltered, then stalled, then virtually died in a snarl of red tape. After more than a year of optimistic press releases, citizens' meetings and government pledges to "Turn Buffalo Creek into a model community" had produced nothing concrete, U.S. Sen. Jennings Randolph declared on April 10 that "Assistance and aid from the federal government . . . have, in my judgment, deteriorated to the extent that the lack of progress in the rebuilding effort is a disaster itself." Equally critical, area Rep. Ken Hechler has persuaded the Government Accounting Office to investigate the mess.

What happens to a place like Buffalo Creek after the dead have been buried, the wreckage has been carted away and the newsmen have moved on to the next story? Many of the problems which developed after the West Virginia flood were inevitable; they could be expected in the wake of any large-scale disaster. Others were directly related to the politics of the Nixon Administration, with its insistence on tight, centralized control of government functions and its emphasis on vote-getting public relations rather than performance. Finally, a large share of the difficulties has arisen because many federal assistance programs, while reasonably effective in a short-term, emergency situation, are inadequate when it comes to rebuilding a disaster area.

"Those people on Buffalo Creek have been getting screwed all their lives," says a top official at the West Virginia Statehouse, "and they're still getting screwed today. We're trying to change that—but it isn't as easy as it looks." Whatever the causes, it seems clear that the Buffalo Creek disaster has not yet ended, and that it's not likely to end in the near future.

Three different government agencies investigated the disaster. They laid the responsibility for the flood squarely on the shoulders of Buffalo Mining, and on its corporate parent, Pittston. They concluded that the defective dam had been built in violation of several laws, that its construction had been absurdly unscientific, and that the coal companies had shown "flagrant disregard for the safety of residents of Buffalo Creek."

And that, basically, was where the matter ended. Buffalo Mining drew a $25 fine for breaking a U.S. Bureau of Mines regulation, and a mild scolding from the U.S. Department of the Interior. (Thruston Morton, who sits on the Pittston board of directors, is the brother of Rogers C. B. Morton, Secretary of the Interior.) Several Buffalo Mining officials were required to answer questions before a Logan County grand jury, but emerged

Tom Nugent worked on the Detroit Free Press *and the Charlotte* Observer. *His* Death at Buffalo Creek *will be published by W. W. Norton on July 16.*

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unscathed when the jury failed to return any indictments. Months later, several attorneys who had worked on settlements with Buffalo Mining predicted that the company would be able to pay off all of its claims with insurance money, and that the company's assets would not be touched. There seems little reason to dispute them: Buffalo Mining has been back in operation for months; the coal mines around Buffalo Creek are booming again. The big difference between now and then can be seen in the valley where the people used to live. It's mostly deserted now, barren ground.

First reactions to the flood were impressive. By noon on the 26th of February, it was obvious that a major disaster had occurred in Buffalo Creek Hollow. By then the first dozen bodies had been recovered, and the Logan County sheriff's deputies were phoning in incredible reports of property damage: houses stacked 40 feet high, bridges washed out, whole sections of railroad track twisted like spaghetti.

The Governor was notified. He immediately declared Buffalo Creek a disaster area, and ordered 800 National Guardsmen to the scene. President Nixon, then in the middle of his China trip, was reached at Shanghai the following morning. He also placed Buffalo Creek in the disaster category and pledged full support for Gov. Arch Moore's assistance effort. Soon thereafter, the Office of Emergency Preparedness (OEP) authorized $20 million for emergency relief, and the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers arrived to direct the removal of debris. In this short-term, critical situation, the various government agencies and volunteer groups on the scene performed superbly:

¶Within a few weeks, the Corps of Engineers removed 300,000 cubic yards of flood debris, graded and seeded the devastated areas, and prepared 599 mobile homesites for refugees.

¶Within sixty days, the Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) placed 600 homeless families in thirteen rent-free trailer parks. Temporary water and sewer facilities were installed from scratch.

¶The U.S. Department of Transportation, in cooperation with the West Virginia Department of Highways, quickly installed temporary bridges and patched the road along Buffalo Creek, thus opening the stricken valley to traffic.

¶The American Red Cross spent $8 million in direct assistance to 1,336 families and in running four mass-care shelters for 1,500 people. They also fed 12,000 disaster victims and workers and processed more than 1,000 flood inquiries.

¶Operating from seven mobile canteen sites, the Salvation Army served 200,000 free meals.

All in all, an estimated 2,000 federal, state and volunteer workers joined forces to pull Buffalo Creek out of the mud. By late spring, all of the debris had been removed, the valley had grown a new grass cover, and Buffalo Creek was ready for rebuilding. "I have to admire this country," said a South African mining engineer, as he assessed the rescue effort: "the way they got that place cleaned up, got everybody in trailers, put in water and sewer, and all within a few weeks. I see what they mean about American know-how—if that flood had taken place somewhere in Europe, those people who lost their homes would *still* be without a place to live."

While the cleanup continued and the Buffalo Creek families were settling into their trailers, Governor Moore announced that his administration—working closely with the federal government—was preparing an ambitious set of plans to make Buffalo Creek "a beautiful place to live." A few months later, when the Governor released the plans, they caused a storm of controversy. A few months after that, when West Virginia tried to implement them, they caused a scandal.

"The trouble with Bill Pelle," said a West Virginia HUD official on May 15, "is that he spent most of his time sitting up in Charleston. When you read that plan he wrote, you have to wonder if the guy even visited Buffalo Creek." The HUD man was referring to William J. Pelle, Jr., who, as the impressively titled "Federal Regional Council Coordinator for Buffalo Valley Redevelopment," prepared the master plan to rebuild Buffalo Creek. Pelle's plan, a 111-page book crammed with charts and diagrams, was ambitious in the extreme.

It called for a new, expanded, $11 million highway, a mass transit system, new schools, two industrial parks, a manpower training center, recreation facilities, mini-parks, a housing project for the elderly, a community center and three modern housing clusters, or "nodes," to be placed in open spaces along the valley. ("It was unbelievable," says another HUD official who studied the plan. "I mean, at one point people were saying that Pelle wanted to put in a sky-lift from Man to Bolt Mountain and bring in busloads of snow!")

Pelle's plan made fascinating reading. Unfortunately, as officials at both the state and federal level later pointed out, it was almost impossible to implement. For one thing, the citizens of Buffalo Creek had little interest in moving into "nodes." In fact, few of them had the vaguest idea of what a node was, but as soon as they found out they began to scream. They did not want to live in cluster housing; they wanted to return to their land and build again.

Cluster housing was impossible to build, anyway, since the state had no way to coordinate the various financing arrangements, building specifications and private timetables which several hundred different residents would need.

Many of the other elements in the plan, according to the state officials who worked with Pelle to prepare it, were conceived with only the sketchiest attention to details like financing, feasibility and the wishes of the flood victims. "If you want my opinion," says Jay Morrison, a planner in the West Virginia Office of Federal-State Relations, "Pelle's job is just to go around writing plans. He left here as soon as this one was finished. Moved on to the next disaster, I guess. Anyway, we wound up taking all the abuse."

To understand how the Buffalo Creek master plan developed, one must trace the chain of command which the federal government employs during disaster relief. Briefly stated, what happens is that the governor, after

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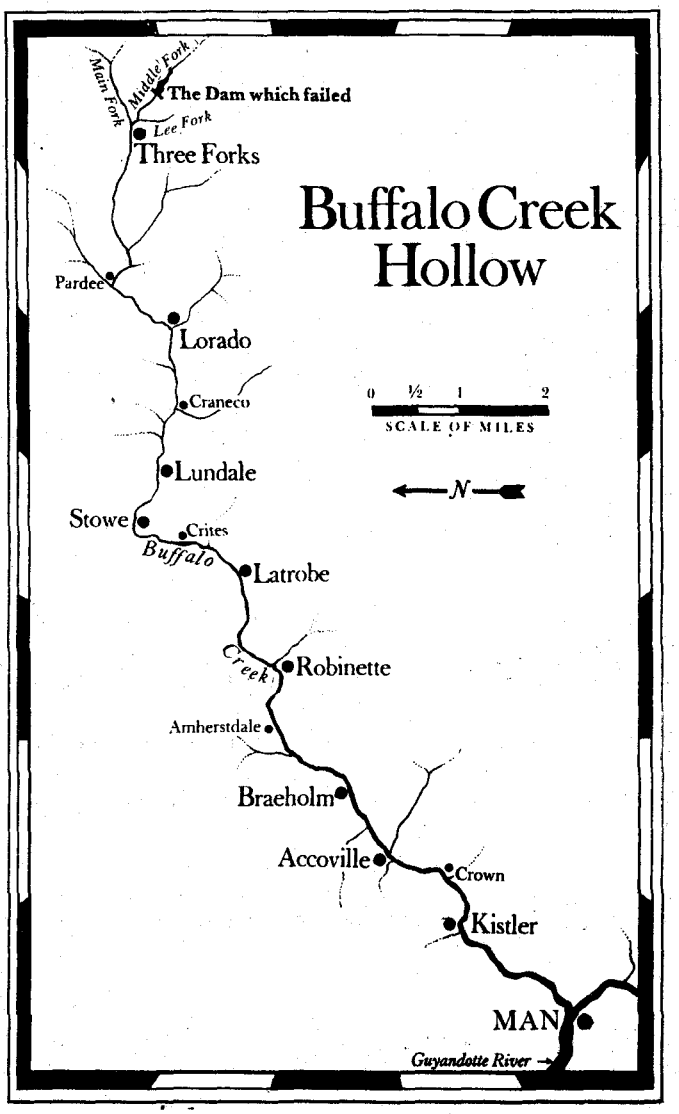
the Phase I cleanup has been completed, sends the White House a request for further assistance. The White House forwards the request to the Office of Management and Budget (OMB). OMB passes it to the Federal Regional Council (FRC), which serves as a coordinating arm for the dozen agencies—HUD, Labor, HEW, OEO and others—that will be participating in the long-term disaster program.

Then the FRC sends a liaison man to work with the state government in preparing a redevelopment plan. Since it was located in FRC Region 3, Buffalo Creek drew William Pelle of the Philadelphia headquarters. The trouble with that, according to most of the people who were involved, was that Pelle, a high-level, Philadelphia-based executive, knew little about West Virginia, and less about Buffalo Creek. "I'm afraid it was a bad case of ivory-tower planning," says Morrison, who has since drastically altered the plan. "The Federal Regional Council failed to pay enough attention to citizen participation. As a result, everything had to be changed."

Meanwhile, another crucial problem developed; it was equally symptomatic of the bureaucratic tangle into which Buffalo Creek has fallen. Morrison and his state people were eager to begin submitting grant applications to the various agencies which would provide the money for water, sewer, housing and highway construction. Most of the involved agencies insisted on seeing design and engineering specifications before they would approve funding. The U.S. Army Corps of Engineers—which had been designated to provide the specifications—insisted that West Virginia pay for them in advance. Arguing that the cost of the specifications could not be determined in advance, and that its accounting system prohibited such payments, the state refused. The two sides negotiated through the summer and fall of 1972, while the applications sat on Morrison's desk.



Meanwhile, its vision focused sharply on the November election (Moore was in a tight race with Democratic challenger Jay Rockefeller), the Governor's office kept up a flood of optimistic press releases which asserted that the rebuilding was right on schedule. A few days before the election, the Governor's public relations campaign reached its climax. At a carefully staged groundbreaking ceremony on Buffalo Creek, Moore announced that actual construction was under way. The ceremony —which was supposed to mark the start of a new, valley-wide water system—was pure showmanship. Morrison admits that most of the money for the project had not yet been approved; that the contractor had not yet signed a contract for the job, and that the state had not even obtained title to the land on which the work was to be done.

But the showmanship was effective, and Moore defeated Rockefeller handily in the election. A few days later, digging on the water project stopped, the contractor went back to his other jobs, and the redevelopment plans came to a halt—not to be resumed until the following spring.

After President Nixon's re-election, other problems emerged. Intent on reorganizing his Administration, the President asked resignations from most of the high-level staff in the agencies. The uncertainty which followed further slowed the decisions at Buffalo Creek. Later, an economy-minded Nixon canceled several funding programs and impounded the money for others, so that the Buffalo Creek projects were once again in doubt.

Finally, Jay Morrison realized that if Buffalo Creek were going to be rebuilt, the state of West Virginia would have to provide the impetus. "I announced that we were going to start giving these projects to the people who could handle them," he says. "We decided to turn the housing over to the BEHC [the Builders' Emergency Housing Corporation, a spin-off of the West Virginia Home Builders' Association]. We decided to turn the water and sewer over to the Buffalo Creek Public Service District [the local utility commission]. And we decided to let the Highway Department worry about the road. It was getting late, and we had to get moving."

Angered by the continuing delays, Buffalo Creek residents began ignoring the government ban on moving back into the valley. By late spring, dozens of families had returned to the hollow. Some of them arrived in newly purchased trailers; others began building new homes. Ignoring government advice, many of them have moved into the planned 150-foot right-of-way for the highway —which means that, sooner or later, their houses will

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have to come down once again. Other residents, still sitting in their temporary trailers, fume over the delays.

Government officials in both Charleston and Washington agree on one point in the wake of the Buffalo Creek mess: there is a need for long-term programs specifically designed to rebuild disaster areas.

"The federal government just isn't set up to develop disaster areas," says planner Morrison. "The standard programs are so complicated, take so long, that they're almost useless in a situation like this. I think everybody who's worked on this project agrees that we've got to have some new legislation."

As Morrison says, the people who lived on Buffalo Creek and who suffered through the flood of 1972 have grown accustomed to "getting screwed," but they don't like it. "You can only hold back so long," growls Leroy Lambert, a stocky, one-legged coal miner who escaped the flood with his family at Three Forks. "People get tired. They get tired of listening to promise after promise. They get tired of driving up and down Buffalo Creek Hollow, week after week, and seeing that nothing's been done."

They're tired on Buffalo Creek these days, but it doesn't seem to matter much. Because, as Leroy Lambert and the thousands of other people who once lived in the winding hollow know perfectly well, there's really nothing they can do about it. □

LETTERS *(Continued from page 770)*

length manuscript that I now, in our secret-telling climate, hope to get published. Ignorance of this unpublicized aspect is, I think, responsible for the fact that Sara Sanborn's review of Louis Nizer's *The Implosion Conspiracy* (*The Nation*, May 7) does not adequately convey the dishonest quality of the book.

One glaring evidence of the dishonesty is Nizer's deceptive calculation that the case was examined by 112 judges; the actual number, which includes the nine of the Supreme Court and four of the U.S. Court of Appeals, was fifteen. Another . . . is his resort to outright falsification of the trial testimony, his invention of prejudicial dialogue inserted to look as if it came straight from the transcript. But what most disgusted me was his account of the beautifully harmonious relations between Bloch and my attorneys immediately before and after the issuance of the stay. . . . His flamboyant description of how Fyke Farmer, on hearing the news, "jumped several feet into the air, shaking his fist like a cheerleader," and of their subsequent festive celebration, with champagne freely flowing . . . is shamelessly invented and offered to the reader as fact.

. . . Nizer saw fit to look away from facts of record that don't at all square with such harmony and celebration: for instance, that the petition on which the stay was granted opened with the charge that Bloch refused to raise legal points adequate for saving the Rosenbergs; that three days before the stay, when the petition was submitted to Judge Kaufman, Bloch told the judge by telegram that he wanted no part of it; and that four days later, in the hastily called Supreme Court special session which canceled the stay, Bloch said that he was endorsing not the 12-point petition as a whole but only the one point in it on which the stay was based.

Aside from these acts of commission, Nizer carefully studded his book with important omissions. He found room for an innocuous excerpt from a letter to Judge Kaufman by Dr. Harold Urey, but found no room for Urey's subsequent letter to President Eisenhower opening with, "The case against the Rosenbergs outrages logic and justice." He found no room for Prof. Stephen Love's publicized charge that Kaufman was guilty of more than 100 instances of judicial misconduct in the trial, and no room for the U.S. Court of Appeals note that prosecutor Irving Saypol's conduct at a key point of the trial was "wholly reprehensible." Indeed, Nizer's heavy build-up of Bloch's dedication points to awareness that in the light of the publicized charges of judicial misconduct the long-fostered myth of a dedicated defender is a badly needed fig leaf for the cover-up of a legally sanctioned murder. . . .

Nixon's persistence in support of the corrupt and incompetent Lon Nol regime seems calculated to place on his opponents in and out of Congress the onus for defeat and thus pave the way for use of the "stab-in-the-back" theme in trying to extricate himself from the Watergate downpour threatening to engulf him. In this context genuine national security calls for a nonfraudulent review of both the Rosenberg case and the case of Alger Hiss commendably taken up in *The Nation* of May 28. In both of these cases—as in Watergate and Vietnam—there was highest level criminal concealment of the truth that in the interest of peace, freedom and justice must be brought to light. . . .

Irwin Edelman

what democracy is all about

North Bend, Ore.

DEAR SIRS: "During a Presidential campaign," says my good friend, "citizens should get out and support the candidate of their choice. But when the election is over, it is their duty and responsibility to knock off the protests and get behind the President. That is what government by the majority is all about."

I have discovered that a great many people share my friend's opinion; an opinion which, I believe, raises some interesting questions. Article II, Section 1-7 of the U. S. Constitution requires the President to take an oath that he will "to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States." Article II, Section 4 states: "The President, Vice-President and all civil Officers of the United States, shall be removed from Office on Impeachment for, and Conviction of Treason, Bribery, and other high crimes and Misdemeanors." If the President of the United States is above criticism or beyond reproach, why did our founding fathers deem it necessary for him to take an oath of office? . . . If the founding fathers believed that public officials could always be trusted why did they provide for their removal from office in case they violated that trust?

It states in the Declaration of Independence "that all men are created equal . . . with certain inalienable rights. . . . That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. . . ." A government that does not secure the inalienable rights of its citizens, minority and majority alike, cannot be a democratic government; even if 100 per cent of the people support the President. If the only thing that mattered was a "mandate" from the majority, then the governments of Hitler, Mussolini, Mao Tse-tung, Fidel Castro and George III might be termed democratic.

Harold Bock

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Solzhenitsyn—Writing as a Lost Art

EMILE CAPOUYA

This is the first section of a two-part essay; the latter half will appear in The Nation *shortly.*

A few days ago I read a striking comment about Solzhenitsyn. It occurred in a discussion of an essay on the Russian novelist. The writer remarked that the author of the essay had had the original notion of examining Solzhenitsyn as a literary artist rather than as a political hero and martyr.

It is easy to sympathize with the impatience that observation betrays. After all, it is not unreasonable to suppose that if Solzhenitsyn had been an American we should never have heard his name. Looking at the nature of his gifts from the viewpoint afforded by that contrary-to-fact supposition—Solzhenitsyn as an American author—it must seem a bit of luck for his reputation in this country that he has been persecuted by a government that we have detested for the last fifty years. His talents are not of a kind that would naturally make him popular in the United States; the enthusiasm for him in our part of the world is a historical accident that is close to being a historical mistake. In any case there is not much question that the interest in him here has depended almost entirely on his having provided, in his public utterances no less than in his writings, the materials for a *cause célèbre*. The *cause célèbre*, in turn, has provided us with an occasion for damning the Soviet state, to the great relief of our injured feelings.

When we first heard of Solzhenitsyn, he was a writer being patronized in some sort by the Khrushchev regime, which found it expedient to try to whitewash its own antecedents by authorizing the publication of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovitch*. I have no way of knowing to what extent this act of policy, and the cultural "thaw" in general, persuaded the citizens of the Soviet Union to forget that their leaders had achieved power by carrying out and perhaps helping to frame the very policies that they were now repudiating and blaming on the departed Stalin. But so far as American opinion was concerned, the picture of the Soviet penal camps presented in Solzhenitsyn's novella was a weapon handed us by our enemy in a moment of distraction. We were at that time actively prosecuting the cold war. It is worth recalling that Mr. Nixon's predecessors in office—Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy—were garden-variety bumblers who believed their own foreign policy statements; they did not have at their disposal the morals of a weasel and the services of a Kissinger. At any moment of their tenure, accordingly, the engines of publicity would have been ready to whir and whine in such a cause. They did for Solzhenitsyn, and his American career was launched.

In the Soviet Union the thaw was brief, like the "hundred flowers" era in Peking, or the "Prague Spring," or the vogue of peace before an American election. Solzhenitsyn was soon out of favor, and forbidden to publish his works. *The Cancer Ward* and *The First Circle* appeared, as it were, in exile; the books were as good as pirated from their author by Western publishers, who took denial for consent and translated as they chose. Having experienced the degradation of the democratic dogma under Stalin, Solzhenitsyn has always had a shrewd notion of how that process might work in the Western democracies, and he is not enthusiastic about the favor of official and quasi-official bodies in those countries. He is undoubtedly aware that Jean-Paul Sartre refused the Nobel Prize on the ground that the awards committee is human, all too human, and sensitive to political drafts. I think he is the man to have declined the prize himself, out of an ingrained distrust of governmental attentions, had he not been totally isolated in his own country, prevented from earning a living, harassed by seizures of his papers and manuscripts, cut off from access to the books and documents and persons he would have to consult in order to carry out his plan for that *magnum opus* of which *August 1914* is the first volume.

In any case, *The Cancer Ward* and *The First Circle* benefited enormously in the American market from the very fact that they were proscribed in the Soviet Union. The latter book especially was a substantial best-seller in this country, a fact that is curious in itself and has a certain demonstrative force. *The First Circle* seems to me to be a literary sport, an example of how close a great author can come to writing a rattling good story. *The Cancer Ward* is a masterpiece. In the ordinary course, a preference on the part of the public for the lesser rather than the better book requires to be explained—not because such things are unheard of but because they disappoint a very natural expectation.

Better for what? Just better. And if better-in-general yields often enough to better-for-something-in-particular, the demonstrative force I have in mind arises from there being some possibility of explaining cases of the kind—whereas instances of a preference for better-in-general are at bottom inexplicable. *The First Circle* is a brilliant performance of a certain narrow order, and one can be reasonably specific about what it is good for. It presents characters who, were they American, would be regarded as members of the middle class, professionals and clerks whose situation, habits and views are readily comprehensible to the persons who are the book-reading, book-buying group in this country. In contrast, *The Cancer Ward*, which is not at all brilliant but tentative and fumbling, deals mostly with the social ragtag and bobtail of the Soviet Union, patients in a hospital in Asiatic Russia; the chief character is not an educated man, and indeed he has some troublesome virtues of a kind peculiar to persons who are not the beneficiaries of the social system. Then, *The First Circle* has some of the appeal of science fiction: political prisoners with technical qualifications are working in a research institute to develop means of analyzing, identifying, even counterfeiting the characteristics of individual human voices. Again, the author describes the workings of the Soviet bureaucracy, at least in the sample provided by the research institute. The very summit of the bureaucracy comes in for examination—one scene takes place in Stalin's apartments in the Kremlin, and presents a detailed physical and moral portrait of the great man. There are *coups de théâtre* in the story. There is also a current of hysteria that works on the reader's nerves to induce answering tensings and twitchings, as if he were immersed in Andrei Bely's *St. Petersburg*, or any novel of Dostoevsky or Céline. Finally, *The First Circle* is clever. In fact, if I am allowed a paradox, this successful popular novel is highly uncharacteristic of Solzhenitsyn, and has been successful and popular in proportion.

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Now, my account of *The First Circle* is tendentious and exaggerated. It is even false in that it leaves out entirely the quality of moral elevation that is the distinguishing mark of all of Solzhenitsyn's extant writings. Nevertheless, the description I give of *The First Circle*, faulty as it is, points to elements of the novel that are at war with Solzhenitsyn's moral elevation, which, in a literary sense, I take to mean a preoccupation with important truths and a talent for conveying them. For that reason I mean to persist in the same line of analysis with *The First Circle*, treating Solzhenitsyn as if he were a writer like any other, and not, as I believe him to be, one picked out from among thousands, and who goes some way toward redeeming the century.

Apart from the frenetic tone, then, which at the present time is the most common feature of literature that aspires to be taken seriously in the West—the trilling wire in the blood sings below inveterate scars—the topicality of *The First Circle* is probably the strongest reason for its appeal. If it is an advantage to an author to be able to set before an American audience, not peasants and laborers but middle-class characters capable of neurosis and susceptible of being described in terms provided by psychoanalytic science, it is a further advantage if he can show them in the toils of a historic process that, despite its cruelty, appears to intensify rather than to cancel their middle-class individuality. In this way the topicality of *The First Circle* is of a very special kind, adapted to the purpose of changing our perception of historical reality in such a way that even as it exacerbates the sense of crisis, it preserves the sense of self. I suppose that there would be no harm in tampering with our apprehension of fact in this way—it might be regarded as promoting mental hygiene—if we did not have to live with the reality rather than with the illusion.

A tradition of dealing with history in this imaginative but not very responsible manner has been established in our own time. There are a number of grimy masterworks that can be regarded as literary antecedents of *The First Circle*—not, certainly, as having influenced the composition of that novel, but as having influenced the literary sensibility of the American audience. The first and most important of these is Arthur Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*. The second, in point of significance, is George Orwell's *1984*. A third is Jan Valtin's memoir, *Out of the Night*. A fourth is Whittaker Chambers' *Witness*—and since that book appeared there have been a hundred more. It goes without saying that all these, fiction and nonfiction alike, vary enormously in their literary merit and in their philosophical adequacy to the historical conditions that they profess to explain. In the latter connection, for example, Koestler's novel has been pretty well substantiated in its surmises about the general means employed by the secret police of Eastern Europe in extracting avowals from the innocent—and to a great extent in its analysis of the psychology of the torturer and his victim—by Artur London's autobiographical *The Confession*, which appears to me to be in these matters unimpeachable. In the case of Orwell, his coinages and metaphoric inventions ("Newspeak," "the proles," "doublethink," "the memory hole," "thoughtcrime," the uniform overalls as a garment for men and women, the permanent war and the slogans of that war), deliberately clumsy as they are, demonstrate absolute pitch by that very fact, and are the more successful for being graceless. But when Orwell's and Koestler's instinct fails, when they are at the point where they have no more to tell us about the character of our time, they fall into the hysterical tone.

It is easy to see why. Koestler means to convey to the reader a conviction that the Workers' State is really government by murder, mass exile and mass imprisonment. Sociologically, psychologically, such conditions must necessarily lower the pitch of life, make feeling numb and imagination inert. Artistically speaking, that will not do—nothing will come of nothing, as Lear says. The reader cannot be moved appropriately by a faithful picture of that state of affairs, which is dispiriting and demoralizing even in contemplation. So Koestler begins to screech, and the tone of his novel is keyed to the pitch of bats. In the same way, Orwell proposes to give an imaginatively adequate portrait of a world whose institutions are totalitarian, and in which mechanized war is a permanent condition—in sum, Koestler's model projected upon an even larger canvas. And of course neither man was inventing; each was describing a historical reality that was fully present but not yet a feature of our imagination. Again, Orwell does not trust the numbing reality. He means to heighten it. Hence the eldritch wail of *1984*, just within the audible frequencies, and the Castle of Otranto paraphernalia, the equivalent of restless ghosts and clanking chains.

Why do these authors, who do not appear to be characterological hysterics, fall into hysteria in *Darkness at Noon* and *1984*? (Whittaker Chambers is the benchmark of the authentic hysteric, and the comparison shows that Koestler and Orwell are simply unendowed in that line.) I have suggested that they do in order to carry the reader along with them to an artistically adequate sense of the horrendous vision they hope to impart. But that is a kind of shorthand which better expresses the result of their proceeding than the cause and manner of it. More accurately, Orwell and Koestler are the first victims of the numbness induced by their vision. To raise themselves to the pitch of activity required if they are to articulate that vision for others, they must induce a fever in themselves; and the fever distorts their own apprehension of the world they mean to portray. Like Dickens' fat boy, they want to make our flesh creep, and to do that they must be atremble themselves. What is the result of the distortion? The strong suggestion that a historical period that thwarts and cancels the current of men's energies and desires, degrading great numbers or killing them outright, nevertheless heightens their consciousness, confirms their individuality and, in a word, provides more or less magically the occasion for transcending history—for the readers if not for the characters of the novels. A kind of happy ending where history permits none. We look at the polished stone and see, unharmed, the Gorgon's head. But our presumption is mistaken—it is not the Gorgon's head we see.

In the literature of our own country, hysteria as a mode of perception has been the essential gambit for the last half-century. Henry Miller, William Burroughs and the Beat poets and novelists are conspicuous in that tradition simply because they are chemically pure instances. (What their example suggests, by the way, is that hysteria is least distorting in the context of comedy. In contrast, Tennessee Williams is dead serious, and his reality is often unreal.) That special mode of perception is a good part of what has been wrong with American literature during the last half-century. The trouble with hysterical authorship is just what we would expect of any other important activity that was pursued under the same sign—so that we might have hysterical shoemakers, machinists, airline pilots and presidents. Trained in the literature of hysteria as we have been, it is not surprising that we have given a special welcome to Solzhenitsyn's successful experiment in the genre of the political thriller.

But what is the basis for the claim that *The First Circle* is not characteristic of Solzhenitsyn, that the historical distortion it promotes should not be counted against him? I think it is that the subject he attempted has thus far been beyond the powers of every novelist, or

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at least of every novelist who has tried to deal with it directly. All who have done so have fallen into the same difficulty, in effect inventing a substitute subject for the one they had proposed to themselves, more theatrical and more manageable—at the cost of a little false madness. What is true of many artists struggling with an intractable theme is not the peculiar failing of any one among them. The remainder of Solzhenitsyn's works shows how a great artist of a certain kind might properly set about treating the great subject of his era, the disappointment of the millenarian vision founded upon a faith in science and democracy.

Those works are absolutely of another order of creation than *The First Circle,* and consistent with the public character their author has borne. The Solzhenitsyn, virgin and martyr, whom the writer I alluded to at the beginning of this essay is justified in rejecting, the Solzhenitsyn thrown up by the exigencies of the cold war, the handy stick with which the Philistines of the West might belabor the Philistines of the East, the lay figure canonized by our press as much out of spite as out of love—these have nothing to do with Solzhenitsyn the man, Solzhenitsyn the Russian author for whose existence one is grateful because in a time of moral rout he is calm, simple and inspiriting.

The defect of the understandable impatience that turns away from Solzhenitsyn the plaster saint and passes with a sense of relief to the examination of the aesthetic qualities of the novels—which have the virtue of being real rather than notional—is that it permits hypocrisy to triumph after all. Aesthetic qualities are real, but they are the taste and color and bouquet of a vintage that is meant to be drunk. To appraise an author's aesthetic qualities in isolation is like examining the cleanliness of his grammar and the accuracy of his spelling. An author will not be read if he cannot spell well enough to be intelligible nor order his sentences with due seemliness. The literary question is not even posed at that point. Nor will he be read unless his unpretentious inventions have a certain charm, or his ambitious ones a certain glory. It is only if he meets such conditions that an author is discussable at all. Then we say, here is something worth reading, and we reflect upon it in conversation or in writing. That last activity is perhaps not in itself very important, being little more than the gossip sustained by literature, but since it is our settled habit to engage in that kind of commentary, it is just as well that we do it as well as we can. Doing it well involves, after a nod and a wave in the direction of aesthetic qualities—"After what flourish your nature will," Hamlet tells Osric—that we drink the wine.

For many in the West who have praised Solzhenitsyn—most, if my sampling of the published commentaries is indicative—would find him a thoroughly unclubbable type if he were a fellow citizen of theirs rather than an embarrassment to the Soviet state. That is, they have been careful not to swallow his vintage, out of a suspicion that it would disagree with them. Or perhaps, not having heard that the draft is noxious, they can get it down without inconvenience. There is some excuse for their mistake. Solzhenitsyn practices a kind of literature that has not been in honor among us for generations, and has had few adepts accordingly. By choice he advances on foot over the uneven ground, negotiating as best he can the difficulties of the route. Most of his colleagues in the West have chosen to soar into the wild blue yonder.

Madness is catching. The artistic implications of that fact have been understood, very likely, since the beginnings of art. In the form of enthusiasm or ecstasy, a sort of controlled madness has been an occasional feature of art during all that time. However, the art to which madness has given rise has always been a function of a relatively rare gift—the faculty of throwing genuine fits to suit the artistic occasion. Some societies have encouraged that talent more than others, and presumably enjoyed a larger measure of success in cultivating it; at any rate it is hard to cultivate it simply by taking thought. The case of romantic love can serve as an analogy. It has been encouraged in our society by doctrine, and in part by social usages like sexual abstinence. At the same time it has been most effectively discouraged by the pressure of values and customs that tend in another direction entirely. Such processes are complex, but their effects are palpable. For example, it is clear enough from what our nerves tell us that the poetry of the English language over the past two centuries has been in the main the utterance of persons tormented into poetry—and not simply by the changes and chances incident to life anywhere, at any time, but with the special impress of a life arranged on the model of the industrial workhouse. In fact, the spirit of that poetry can seem to be a matter of course only so long as we are unacquainted with the poetry of other times and nations. And even as the gift of song has been exercised among us not in joy but in pain, genuine ecstasy, genuine enthusiasm, genuine madness, a recurring but necessarily sporadic feature of the history of art, has been supplanted by a discovery made during the 19th century and perfected during our own. The discovery is that simulated madness is catching, too.

Particularly to audiences that have had no recent experience of the real thing. We are such an audience. Our experience of art over the past century has given us a thorough retraining, substituting for the sober, workaday folk traditions—lit with flashes of inspiration—an art in which the appearance of inspiration, ecstasy, madness is unremitting. Genuine madness is still in short supply, and even to simulate it calls for a talent not given to all. But the ersatz is sufficiently more accessible, the talent for it sufficiently widely distributed, to have made possible the industrialization of ecstatic art, the guarantee of a supply virtually co-extensive with the demand. The times have been hard and have created a market for prophecy. There being too few prophets—and their message unpalatable—false prophets have arisen among us. But is there a significant difference between the effects of genuine madness and simulated madness, between prophecy and false prophecy? After all, both varieties are contagious. That is to say, both are effective when it comes to stirring an audience.

Both are contagious, but only one cures. Light strikes the eyes of a madman at a different angle; the propagating medium of custom and convention has for him a different index of refraction. He can see through conditions and into our condition. Blake said

The harlot's cry from street to street
Shall weave old England's winding sheet.

That "shall" is the merest formality of vatic utterance. The weaving was already going on when he wrote, and went on thereafter, and is in essence the history of England from that time to this, and our own inasmuch as we have shared the same history of the monetization of all values. In other words, true madness delivers to us truths, tells us where we are, what is happening to us, what we had better do. Simulated madness tells us anything that is fantastic, sometimes deviating into sense and hitting upon a truth—but not with such

OPEN POEM

death lies beside each sleeper
that day wakes up
stalks every step
puts down the heel
that pace picks up again
and exhales every breath
except where love breathes in

Diana Der Hovanessian

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regularity as would render it odious. For if the truths delivered by madness are guides to action, the vapors of false madness need not, cannot be acted upon at all. That is the great convenience afforded by the new art of instant, unremitting ecstasy. Nothing follows from it.

Sober art is laborious, madness is painful as acute insight must be painful, but simulated madness puts the artist under an intolerable strain. That is the source of the hysteria and the banshee wail, by no means less potent with an audience but powerless to tell it what it needs to know. The unfailing mark of false madness is the sense of strain it induces in the beholder, the sense of willful flagellation. And flagellation of one kind or another is often the means of simulating the air of divine possession. That is the use of those aids to insight commonly resorted to since the 19th century—drugs, noise, swift motion.

Now let us imagine a race of men too scientific to be religious, too superstitious to be scientific, too convinced of their own worthlessness to entertain the concept of character, too disheartened to stir hand or foot in their own interest. How will such men receive a prophet, or sayer of true things? They will try to ignore him. If he persists they will try to suppress him. That is pretty much the story of Solzhenitsyn's adventures among his countrymen.

Let us suppose a race in all essential respects similar to the first, and at enmity with it. How will they regard Solzhenitsyn's single-handed struggle to arouse his countrymen to a true sense of themselves? Benevolently, for the sake of the annoyance he causes their enemies—and let him take care not to inspire an artist of the same kind across the water.

These lights we catch from Solzhenitsyn's practice as an author, from the lies and curses to which he is treated in his homeland, from the hosannas raised for him in ours. □

Sweethearts or Adversaries?

THE COMPANY AND THE UNION. *By William Serrin. Alfred A. Knopf. 308 pp. $7.95.*

B. J. WIDICK

Compared with Sidney Fine's excellent study *Sitdown, the General Motors Strike of 1936-37*, William Serrin's "inside story" of the nine-week GM strike in 1970 is a shoddy performance, unworthy of a Pulitzer Prize reporter. To imply that the 1970 conflict which cost the UAW about $160 million, almost bankrupting the union, and pitting it against a powerful multinational corporation, which in turn lost millions resisting workers' demands, was essentially a sham reflecting "a socially destructive partnership," is sheer fantasy. It denigrates the intelligence and integrity of everyone involved in that critical dispute.

Neither UAW leaders nor GM executives are the knaves or fools Serrin suggests, buttressing his opinions with nasty quotations from unnamed sources. Nor are the auto workers the robots and pawns Serrin portrays in mocking the strike as a charade. An undocumented book on a serious subject by a man with no experience in the field, loaded with contradictory opinions and judgments, obviously makes for controversy, but not for understanding of the subject matter.

The empirical evidence after that costly 1970 strike argues persuasively against Serrin's wild assumptions. The UAW resisted GM's manpower reduction program in the widely publicized Lordstown strike, as its youthful local president, Gary Bryner, reported at the 1972 UAW convention. The union supported a 170-day walkout at the GM Norwood plant. It conducted a series of popular mini-strikes in 1972 in GM plants protesting working conditions and speed-ups. Serrin doesn't understand that the act which most humanized the work place was the triumph of industrial unionism, and a viable, democratic UAW still speaks eloquently and vigorously in that tradition for its membership in the plants. As the 1973 bargaining unfolds in the auto industry this summer and fall, that elementary point will be obvious once again. The tensions between the UAW and the auto companies are already felt in Detroit. The process may be disappointing for Serrin and for a handful of Detroit radicals who yearn for the good old days of jungle warfare during the 1930s. The maturity and experience of the bargainers suggest a more civilized form of conflict: either a peaceful strike, or a satisfactory agreement without a strike.

However, this is not to say that a suspicion doesn't persist in Detroit that someone might be interested in establishing "a socially destructive partnership." That suspicion permeates the leadership and much of the ranks of the UAW, and the "someone" in question is General Motors, working secretly to unite the auto companies against the UAW's incessant efforts to improve the lives and working conditions of its members.

There is ample evidence to suggest that the UAW's fears are not unfounded. *Case 1*: Early in 1958 Jack Crellin, labor editor of the *Detroit Times*, was given a tip about a secret meeting of GM, Ford and Chrysler executives at the Detroit Athletic Club to form a united front to contain the UAW. The details of the policies discussed were outlined by Crellin, and later by myself in *The Nation*.

Case 2: Prior to the 1967 negotiations, the UAW charged that GM was conspiring with Ford and Chrysler to set up a mutual strike fund to resist the UAW's drive for better contracts. The attempt failed, but a full report on this attempted pact, including financial details of how it would operate, was disclosed in 1968 by Roger Rapoport, a former *Wall Street Journal* staff member, who had become editor of the *Michigan Daily*.

Case 3: On January 17, 1973, the UAW issued a statement in response to allegations—in the government's suit against General Motors and Ford—of secret meetings dealing with contract negotiations with the UAW. The UAW statement said, "We find the allegations in the government's bill of particulars interesting but not surprising. We always have felt that the automotive big 3 have marched in lock step when it came to contract bargaining with the UAW. The reference in the bill of particulars to the 1970 negotiations coincides with the assertions we made during negotiations with Chrysler. UAW made it clear at that time that we were convinced that Chrysler was not a free agent and was dancing to a tune called by General Motors." The statement concludes: "It is time now to abandon conspiracy and to start playing fair with workers and the public. We have a right to insist on fair play in both good faith bargaining and in the reduction of excessive prices."

Given this background of experience, and information from reliable witnesses speaking on the record, as well as the fact that the UAW was so vigorously in the anti-Nixon camp in 1972, surely the UAW leaders may be spared the accusation of paranoia or play-acting if they are concerned now about a possible ganging-up on the part of General Motors and its political ally in the White House.

And where does this leave Serrin?

B. J. Widick, professor of industrial relations in the Graduate School of Business of Columbia University, has been The Nation's *labor correspondent since 1958. His most recent book is* Detroit: City of Race and Class Violence *(Quadrangle Books).*

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Still clinging to two quotations from his book as the basis for his opinions. Given the mood of the UAW ranks (GM had 250,000 written grievances in 1969), the determination of the UAW leadership to strike GM if necessary to alleviate plant conditions and win other concessions, and GM's hard line of opposition (Serrin himself writes, "Even if it took a long strike the corporation intended to teach a lesson to the UAW"), most knowledgeable observers of the auto industry collective bargaining scene foresaw a long strike. When negotiations broke down, and a strike began, to quote Serrin: "A newsman suggested to [Leonard] Woodcock that perhaps it would be difficult to resume negotiations given the bitterness that seemed to have developed between the two sides. Woodcock said no, he did not believe this would pose any insurmountable difficulties. He said, 'We still have a civilized relationship.' "

Such a remark is open to interpretation and misinterpretation. Given the bitterness of the situation, and the enormous stakes in the strike, what would the UAW have gained at that moment by vituperation? Wasn't it shrewder tactics to leave the door open for negotiations and to remind GM that the 1930s were over? The UAW was here to stay, neither side could destroy the other—the 1936-37 strike and the 1946 strike settled that question. Collective bargaining had replaced violence in GM's plants. Both sides had learned that when the strike was over they'd both still be there, and that mutual destruction was not a way of life. Each contract settlement was an accommodation of conflicting interests and forces. Any student of collective bargaining should be able to recognize these ABCs. And that's the point Serrin misses. How little he understands about collective bargaining may be seen in this statement. "Little bargaining skill is required to win large wage increases in the automobile industry, the richest industry in America, one of the richest enterprises in history."

Did any union leader, businessman, government official, supplier or customer who argued with GM over money find that to be the case? Serrin contradicts his own view with his earlier statement in this book that GM accepted another month of strike rather than give Walter Reuther "another penny" in 1946.

Serrin's other quotation to buttress his opinion—the climactic paragraph in the book—is from a black UAW member: "The union and the company, they are more or less business partners." Would any responsible researcher take that opinion as conclusive proof either of the attitudes held by the workers or as documentation of Serrin's major charge?

How does Serrin square such a view with his own reporting of the conclusion of the strike? "His voice softening, the union men silent, Woodcock declared, 'It is a victory. We took on the world's mightiest, most powerful manufacturing corporation. They said we wouldn't dare. And when we did they said we couldn't win. Well, they were wrong on both counts. We did win. We spent all our money. But we got a better union. That is what it is all about.' The workers rose in tremendous applause that lasted nearly five minutes. When the workers quieted, Woodcock, who had remained at the microphone, said, 'We have come a long way together. I love you guys. And you're the greatest.' The applause rose again, and Woodcock sat down."

Woodcock's election with only token opposition at the 1972 UAW convention indicates that the men and women, black and white, who spend a lifetime in the auto industry, have a totally different judgment of Woodcock's leadership in the GM strike than Serrin's portrayal of him as an actor in a charade.

Serrin is of two views about the UAW. "The UAW became the right of center union with a left of center reputation." Is Serrin talking about the building trades supporting Nixon? Or didn't he think that the UAW would be in Mc-

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Govern's camp? Or has he concocted some new political definitions that render all discussions useless? Surely, it is grossly unfair to dismiss the UAW's long record in the 1960s and the 1970s in politics, against the war, for civil rights and civil liberties, as manifestations of a union "out of touch, old fashioned, old hat." Earlier in the book Serrin writes, "Many of the union's leaders and many of its members believe, probably correctly, that the UAW is the most liberal and courageous of the nation's major unions." Such confusion of ideas disqualifies Serrin as an analyst of a subject too complex for his skill. His methodology is that of a journalist who knows any quotation makes news, but fails to understand the basic distinction between headline-hunting and serious social analysis. News is not necessarily the truth nor is the truth necessarily news. Serrin's book shows little grasp of this important distinction.

A far more thoughtful analysis of UAW-auto industry relationships may be found in the perceptive review of Serrin's book by Laurence G. O'Donnell, chief of *The Wall Street Journal*'s Detroit bureau, who covered the 1967 and 1970 auto strikes. O'Donnell sees the relationship as paradoxical—shared interests in a settlement that is fair to all concerned, to quote Richard C. Gerstenberg, chairman of GM. O'Donnell wrote, in *The Wall Street Journal* of March 23, "Nevertheless, this relationship, for all its progress, can still allow for horrendous economic struggles—and did during the last two sets of bargaining when Ford Motor Company was struck for 49 days in 1967 and General Motors was put out of business for 67 days in 1970."

He adds, "But for all its colorful glimpses, *The Company and the Union* basically fails to unravel the paradox of strife amidst mutual interest. Mr. Serrin's thesis—implied rather than clearly stated—is that a 'civilized relationship' has been struck between General Motors, which seeks to exploit its workers, and the UAW leaders, who sell the workers short. This view is popular among certain segments of the union's membership and leadership. According to this view, the company allows itself to be struck to protect union leaders, who in turn sell the members cheap settlements.

"The trouble with all this is that it is a theory—left unproven by Mr. Serrin's book."

There was a less gentle appraisal by a colleague on the *Detroit Free Press*, where Serrin works. Ralph Orr, who is the paper's labor editor and covered the 1970 strike, for which he won the Louis Stark Award of the Institute of Collective Bargaining and Group Relations, has this to say in Ward's *Automotive World* (April 1973):

> The conclusions of William Serrin's *Company and the Union* on the 1970 clash between General Motors and the UAW hinge on the premise that the union has gone establishment. That premise has no validity. Absent any validity, the book becomes a sophomoric essay.

Orr's outrage at the book shows in his further comment about Serrin: "What he has not forgotten is that writers sell books these days by touting novel ideas, even if they are inherently dishonest."

My own view is that Serrin's book is useless for the purpose of probing some of the vital issues facing our society. As O'Donnell wrote, "There are many questions that can be fairly raised about the relationship between the auto companies and the UAW: Are strikes and the ratification process the only—or best available—way to reach new contracts? Given the nation's dependence on the automobile for basic transportation, is there any alternative to the assembly-line process of putting together millions of cars to be sold at prices workers can afford? Given the rising expectations of workers about their jobs and leisure time, is there anything basic that can be done to make factory work more attractive? How do the auto workers fare under the system—balancing their relatively high pay and benefits against the satisfaction (or frustration) they encounter in the plants?" Serrin's biases and myopia exclude him from making any meaningful contribution to judging these issues.

UAW leaders have with refreshing candor stated that they don't have all the answers to these questions—an excellent precedent for know-it-alls in labor or academic circles. The UAW's distrust of unilateral management experiments, or academic proposals, comes from a well-founded skepticism, verified by a recent disclosure in the winter issue of *The Columbia Forum*, where Prof. Ivar Berg, the sociologist, made this cogent point:

> It is equally fatuous to believe that the current rash of experiments in "work enlargement" or "work enrichment" will fool workers anywhere when these programs are only ostensibly designed to enhance satisfaction in work. Well-intentioned social scientists who lecture managers on the currently favored techniques for elevating the "self-actualization" of workers may be in deeper than they know. Mr. Edwin Mills, director of the "Quality of Work Program" of the much touted National Commission on Productivity, told a Chicago business audience, just before the turn of the year, that 80 per cent of 150 firms currently conducting experiments designed to "enlarge" and "enrich" work were non-union. Their managers reported in a private poll, according to Mr. Mills, that these experiments were part of such firms' overall anti-union policy. It is doubtful, on historical grounds, that the dissatisfactions and needs which move workers to collective bargaining will be dissipated by "self-actualization."

Given those premises, trusting their own union appears a much more sensible option for the workers than adopting Serrin's cynicism. After all, auto workers have a lifetime of experience in the shops to confirm Mills's candid statement. □

Book Marks

CAREY McWILLIAMS

JESSIE WHITE MARIO: Risorgimento Revolutionary. *By Elizabeth Adams Daniels. Ohio University Press. 199 pp. $10.*

Probably not one in fifty new feminists would be able to identify Jessie White Mario, but their understanding of women's liberation would be enriched if they were to read this excellent study by Elizabeth Adams Daniels of Vassar, who contributed an article on Jessie White to *The Nation* some years ago. Just who was Jessie White? She was born Jessie Meriton White in Portsmouth, England, the daughter of a British shipbuilder. Brought up in dissenting and nonconformist circles, she showed an early and lively interest in abolition, the education of women, juvenile delinquency, factory reform, environmental improvement and other issues that were not supposed to concern women. In 1854 she left the Sorbonne to accompany a British lady on a visit to Garibaldi, and on her return to England, in charge of one of the latter's children, she was drawn into the activities of the Friends of Italy (Meredith may well have drawn upon aspects of her career as background for *Vittoria*). Unable to enter medical school as she had planned, she turned to journalism and became deeply involved with Mazzini in his various Republican plots. As a courier between England and the Italian underground, she was imprisoned in Genoa where, by correspondence, she came to know Alberto Mario. After their marriage the two came to this country to raise funds for the liberation and unification of Italy and she gave, of course, full support to the abolitionist movement. In this way she met William Lloyd Garrison and became *The Nation*'s correspondent

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in Italy, a post she held for forty years. She was perhaps the first woman foreign correspondent to write for an American publication on a regular professional basis. Between 1866 and 1870, she contributed 143 articles to *The Nation* on such subjects as Italian political parties, militarism, finance, religious intolerance, education, the Italian press, social equality, the position of women in Italy, the Vatican, the last days of Garibaldi, the trial of peasant rebels, the housing of the poor in Naples, the Jews of Italy, Italian wine making, the sulfur mines of Sicily, "The Naples Tammany Overthrow" (one of her best pieces), as well as articles on crime and many other subjects. Her curiosity was boundless, her interests far-ranging, and she was an excellent journalist. Such pieces as "Crime and Politics in Italy," 1892, and "The Social Unrest in Sicily," 1893, still make interesting and relevant reading. Most of her papers came into the possession of the Italian Government after her death in 1906, and this splendid collection is now stored at the Museo Centrale del Risorgimento in Rome. This study is impeccably documented, contains a translation of Jessie Mario's interrogation by the authorities in Genoa, a complete bibliography, and a summary of many of the articles she contributed to *The Nation*. In rescuing Jessie Mario from near oblivion, Elizabeth Daniels has made an important contribution to the history of the Risorgimento, but more to the point, she has given us a fine study of a most remarkable woman, of the emergence of the new political woman that so interested Meredith, and of the work of one of the first women to serve as a foreign correspondent.

WHITE SILENCE: GREENOUGH, POWERS AND CRAWFORD: American Sculptors in Nineteenth-Century Italy. *By Sylvia Crane. With 56 illustrations, 30 pages of notes, a list of the works of the three artists, bibliography and index. University of Miami Press. 499 pp. $10.*

In this handsomely printed volume, Sylvia Crane studies the careers and achievements of three American sculptors, Horatio Greenough, Hiram Powers and Thomas Crawford, who were drawn to Italy as "the world mecca of sculpture" with its trained stonecutters, live models and famous collections, and where it was possible for young artists to live well on what today would be regarded as a pittance. Through the work of these first American sculptors, Italian aesthetics of the period were transmitted back to the States. The section on Greenough is of particular interest. "A marble figure by an American," as James Jackson Jarves wrote about the state of American sculpture in Greenough's day, "was in itself strange and curious." Greenough, who arrived in Rome to study in 1825, was fortunate to enjoy the friendship and patronage of James Fenimore Cooper, a practical man who could understand the problems of young artists. "The belly and the bank," he once told Greenough, "are two tyrants who must be kept in good humor." He urged Greenough to present his first exhibit in New York, not in Boston. "You will be covered with twaddling criticism in Boston, which is no better . . . than a gossiping country town though it has so many clever people. The tone of criticism is essentially narrow and vulgar." After much activity by friends in his behalf, Greenough was commissioned by Congress to execute in marble a full-length pedestrian statue of George Washington, his first major commission. Cooper offered him some good advice: "Make the figure as servant [*sic*] and simple as possible, for these two qualities contain the essence of the imaginative with such a man. It will also suit our idea of his character. Aim rather at the natural than the classical; this can always preserve the dignity of the man and his stature." Edward Everett and Charles Sumner both had reservations about Greenough's classical conception and emphasis. "A figure as naked as your Washington," wrote Everett, "appears to our people just as an Apollo would to the Ancient Grecians if draped in Persian pantaloons." Sumner warned him to "keep clear of debatable ground. . . . Some will, perhaps, complain that Washington is naked, that he is not standing, etc." And complain they did. When the figure was unveiled it was vituperatively assailed for all the conventional reasons: its nudity, its Roman drapery, its idealized conception, its seated posture. Philip Hone, ex-Mayor of New York, noted that "Washington was too prudent, and careful of his health, to expose himself thus in a climate so uncertain as ours, to say nothing of the indecency of such an exposure on which he was known to be exceedingly fastidious." Today "George Jupiter Washington," as some of Greenough's critics dubbed it, can be seen in the western corridor of the new Museum of History and Technology in Washington after having been carted from place to place as an unwanted artifact. A handsome work, there is little reason to believe that General Washington would be embarrassed by it. But one shudders at the thought of President Nixon being presented in this style; he deserves such treatment but probably won't receive it. *White Silence* is obviously the product of years of intensive research. In relating the careers of these first American sculptors, all of whom studied in Italy, Sylvia Crane has written an interesting, scholarly and instructive study.

CHARLES FLETCHER LUMMIS: Crusader in Corduroy. *By Dudley Gordon, with a foreword by Lawrence Clark Powell. Cultural Assets Press, with the cooperation of the Southwest Museum, the Historical Society of Southern California, and the Lummis Memorial Association. 343 pp. $12.50.*

Charles Fletcher Lummis, "a little man with big ideas," discovered the American Southwest, i.e., he discovered it for the Anglo-American press. A man of extraordinary vitality and many remarkable achievements, it seems incredible that a biography has not been published sooner. Harvard class of 1881, Lummis set out to walk across the country. He stopped for a time in Ohio to edit a newspaper and then walked from Cincinnati to Los Angeles where he became the first city editor of the *Los Angeles Times* (1885) and, later, a most able city librarian. He took over *Land of Sunshine*, a local booster magazine, and made it into a readable and interesting journal (later known as *Out West*) in which the boosterism was muffled but never wholly suppressed. He edited the

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magazine for fourteen years. *Out West*, a magazine of "The Old Pacific and the New," with "The Nation Back of Us, the World in Front," carried with his permission a quote from President Theodore Roosevelt who had known Lummis at Harvard: "I always read it, for I am heartily in sympathy with so many of the things for which it works," which included preserving the missions, saving the redwoods (yes, even then), protecting Hetch Hetchy Valley, and, above all, cultivating the Spanish-Indian heritage of the Southwest. Lummis was a good journalist—incidentally he contributed reviews to *The Nation*—but his books and writings are less important than his other achievements, such as founding the Southwest Museum. Only now can this and similar achievements be seen in proper perspective. When I first began to visit the Southwest Museum it was a lonely outpost which, to put it mildly, was not exactly overrun by Los Angeles residents. Now, I am sure, it has its full quota of museum visitors. Those interested in Southern California and the Southwest will be grateful to Dudley Gordon for this fine biography of a man who did so much to preserve the Spanish-Indian heritage of the region.

THE MONEY LORDS: The Great Finance Capitalists 1925-1950. *By Matthew Josephson. Weybright and Talley. 374 pp. $10.*

The distinguished social historian compares our present-day money lords with the old-time "robber barons" of the post-Civil War era. Based on studies of a representative selection of finance capitalists that Mr. Josephson published in the years between the 1920s and 1950s, with some updating and added commentary. It is required reading for all those who read and admired *The Robber Barons.*

THE SMART MONEY. *By William A. Kent. Doubleday & Company. 327 pp. $6.95.*

Excellent supplementation for *The Money Lords.* Worth the price if just for one chapter: the 144 pages devoted to Penn Central. No better account has appeared. The story of what happened to P. C. is, in Mr. Kent's words, "the symbolic embodiment of what is wrong in the corporate world—illuminated vividly and meticulously by investigative bodies commanding resources never before assembled to diagnose a widespread malignancy. This story highlights classic mismanagement, miscalculation, and internal feuding that contributed to the railroad's collapse, a story so bizarre in parts that it could provide script material for a score of Hollywood films."

TODAY'S STOCK MARKET: Scams, Swindles, and Scoundrels: How to Recognize and Avoid them. *By David Sokol. Sherbourne Press. 227 pp. $6.50.*

First read Josephson and Kent, then turn to Sokol. The author, a highly successful Los Angeles attorney, retired some years ago not because of age but because he had ample funds wisely invested and wanted to enjoy the good life in Rome and Capri. A bit bored with idleness, he got interested in the overseas activities of American brokerage firms, the overseas investment funds, and kindred matters. What he observed stimulated some long dormant impulse to be a muckraking journalist. His findings are both sensational and important. As a lawyer Mr. Sokol had occasion to learn a lot about "scams, swindles, and scoundrels," but what he discovered about those he investigated in Europe succeeded in arousing his special ire. □

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

Any ballet company (except the New York City Ballet) with claims to opera house status must have its *Swan Lake* and other full-length equivalents. This prerequisite is ridiculous and returns the ballet to the pre-Diaghilev era. One of Diaghilev's greatest contributions to modern art was to introduce the one-act ballet: to introduce intensity of expression (on the stage) and experience (in the audience) into a form that had previously muddied the distinction between intermission and performance. There are many moments in *Swan Lake* and *Sleeping Beauty* that invite you to sit back and sip sherry, maybe doze a little. No doubt the audiences who went to see the National Ballet of Canada's full-lengths in April and the Stuttgart Ballet's full-lengths in May at the Metropolitan Opera needed some relaxation in the theatre after the exertions of finding a place to park the car, finding a place to eat, and pushing through the crowded lobby to their seats. In spite of their need for relaxation, however, they want *ballet* ballet, which they assume mistakenly but necessarily to be the opera ballets—necessarily, given the equation they draw between theatre and the rest cure. No one understands this public better than Hurok, who brought the Canadians and Germans into the Met with an overload of long story ballets. While all this activity attests to the popularity of ballet, it also sets back the cause of ballet as a modern art form. If Diaghilev were living today, he would have to educate a large segment of the ballet audience all over again.

Despite one's objections to full-length ballets for their own sake, to Met audiences, and the Hurok philosophy now aired, one must also say that *Swan Lake* is wonderful, primarily for the music and Ivanov's second act, a masterpiece of sustained tone and lyrical classicism. Yet music and Ivanov are not enough nowadays. This spring New Yorkers saw two revisionist *Swan Lakes*, first Erik Bruhn's for Canada and then John Cranko's for the Stuttgart Ballet. Both want to update, if not necessarily improve upon, *Swan Lake*. Accordingly, both fill out the male lead and both reject the traditional, so-called happy, ending, in which Siegfried and his beloved swan-woman Odette jump into the lake and are reunited in the afterworld. These adjustments are superficial, however. A serious revitalization of the old entails erasing the built-in intermissions and filling in the dramaturgical loopholes, not so much in plot as in thematic consistency.

Cranko's *Swan Lake* is on the right track. The last scene, for example, in which Siegfried drowns in a stylized torrent of water, is notable not for its unhappy (i.e., modern) ending but for its poetic image. As the curtain falls Siegfried lies dead while the swans, Odette among them, float calmly in the lake. This is in ironic contrast to the preceding storm, Odette's pitiful entreaties to the sorcerer to stop the storm he made, and the prince's battle against the waves. The vision of the swans sets the stage for the future, for the next prince out wandering.

This is one of several dramatic coups for Cranko. The third act is the most cogent I have seen. Instead of anonymous princesses and anonymous entertainers, Cranko presents a kind of national competition for Siegfried's hand. These would-be wives from four countries are the ones who provide the divertissements. There is much ado about their entry into the arena; each princess is announced by a trumpet fanfare, which by interrupting the waltz continuo establishes an atmosphere of high protocol. This in turn sets a perfect context in which the prince may be seen as bored and vulnerable to exotic situations (as when the unannounced guests arrive, the evil sorcerer and his daughter Odile in the disguise of Odette). The dances are formal, befitting royalty. The Spanish dance, for example, is done not by the

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usual "raggle-taggle gypsies O," but by nobles in Velásquez-inspired clothing. There is also a restrained and totally charming Russian dance, much more sophisticated in its use of the folk idiom than ballet folk dancing usually is, to one of the most beautiful but rarely used melodies of *Swan Lake*. As each princess dances, a page representing her country stands on the ballroom steps, so as to reinforce the aspect of nationality. It is this Olympic games motif that unites all the dances. The motif is also in Jurgen Rose's set, the most spectacular I have ever seen. It has a raised three-sided balcony from which the courtiers may look down and watch the "contestants."

As fine as Cranko's third-act staging is, though, a real commitment to a modern *Swan Lake* would suggest throwing out the concept of national dances, which are good for catnaps. In their place there would have to be classical divertissements, with token recognition of Tchaikovsky's czardas and polonaise tones. To a large extent Cranko attempted this radical approach in his first act, while beefing up the dramatics as well. The prince first appears disguised as a fortuneteller. He then pulls off his mask—behold, the prince!—and plunges right into a virtuoso dance. Thus the prince is announced as a good guy, something of a prankster, and his transformation into a serious lover becomes all the more dynamic. The queen mother is portrayed as a horror, who upon commanding her son to kneel and kiss her hand, withdraws it with calculated bitchiness before he can complete the maneuver. Thus Siegfried's melancholy and tendency to roam in strange forests.

Except for these pointed bits of business, which Cranko works in with great clarity and economy, the act is given over to dancing. The only problem here is that Cranko's choreography is as mundane and unmusical as the idea behind it is right-minded. The music for the series of dances for the prince and female friends alternates between the humorously witty (in the first act) and the tragically rhapsodic (in the last act). The variations have no musical continuity, therefore, while the sad, "swan" themes are emotionally out of place. Cranko consistently resorts to vulgar tricks to sustain a variation or to make pretty but trite visual pictures. In the middle of a modest classical duet, the girl will suddenly whoosh down on a bent leg to the floor and pirouette, straight out of the icecapades. Cranko mistakes the music's wit for coyness, and so the girls hop and sway as though dancing to the "Pizzicato Polka." Tchaikovsky's syncopations are glossed over with the same old three big jumps on the diagonal. Dances are brought to a climax by a mere repetition of steps. Such impoverished choreography is astonishing for an artistic director of a major company, and more than astonishing considering that it was created to the most beautiful of all ballet scores.

In the final analysis, Cranko's *Swan Lake* like all *Swan Lakes* is still the second act, in the original Ivanov form. Cranko's other acts can best serve as a narrative model from which better choreographers may work. There will undoubtedly be more and more revisionist *Swan Lakes* as more and more companies in Europe and the United States become richer, aspire to wider audiences, and get lured into identifying real ballet with old ballet—these factors working on one another in a vicious circle. At the very moment I am enjoying these restorations I am wondering if the energy they represent might not be put to better use. As for audience education, there ought to be a rule that for each *Swan Lake* you attend you must attend an evening of Balanchine ballets, not so much as a countermeasure but as a real alternative. □

RECORDS

DAVID HAMILTON

ELGAR: *Enigma Variations*: Symphonies 1 and 2; *Falstaff*: Violin Concerto; Cello Concerto; other works. Yehudi Menuhin (in Violin Concerto); Beatrice Harrison (in Cello Concerto). Various orchestras; Sir Edward Elgar, cond. EMI/Odeon RLS-708. $28.90 (five discs and book; mono; recorded 1926-31).

ELGAR: *Pomp and Circumstance*: Marches; other short works. Various orchestras; Sir Edward Elgar, cond. EMI/Odeon HLM 7005. $5.98 (mono; recorded 1926-33).

In the pictorial biography that accompanies EMI's big package of Elgar reissues, one comes across a characteristic exchange: asked, in the 1920s, "What do you think about this folk music?" Elgar apparently replied, "I don't think about it at all. *I* am folk music!" Which probably bears a dual relationship to the eclipse that most of his scores began to undergo at that time and that continued until recently, even in England. On the one hand, the Elgar of *Pomp and Circumstance* and *Salut D'Amour* was, for all practical purposes, folk music, and typed thereby as the quintessential musician of Victorian-Edwardian imperialism. At the same time, since he didn't use explicit folk material in his scores, he wasn't deemed English enough for the particular phase of musical nationalism then under way (we had it in America, too, in a rather different form and context); it was not enough to be an Englishman who composed well in an essentially international idiom—one had to write *English* music. Elgar's particular variant of the central late-Romantic language was indeed much admired in German circles at a fairly early date (some of his most important successes were in Germany), but of course the 1914 war put an end to the value of accolades from such quarters, as to so many other aspects of the world he knew. After the Cello Concerto (1919) and the death of his wife (1920), there were no more substantial works from Elgar's pen, mainly *pièces d'occasion* and reworkings; an operatic project came to naught, and sketches for a Third Symphony were never pulled together before his death in 1934.

In practice, the enduring legacy of those last sad years was a series of still impressive recordings, the most important of which are incorporated in the five-record package. Like some other composer-conductors, Elgar achieved precision of expression more consistently than precision of execution, but even the latter is rather well maintained in

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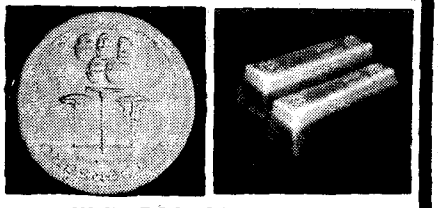

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WHO STEALS MY PURSE STEALS TRASH

Some of us are diverted, and over concerned by the transfer of money from one purse to another.

We may ignore the human consequences, or lack of same.

There is an old story. "Smith and Smythe went into partnership. When they started Smith had the money, Smythe had the experience. When they broke up some time later, Smythe had the money, Smith had the experience."

Shall we become hysterically incensed by *this? No. Nature takes care of such matters.* For on his way to the bank Smythe met M. Whitney Smythingbilt III, and the two formed a partnership.

With our great Fool's Paradise finally coming to an end, a lot of our educated people, who have been brainwashed through ridicule into thinking it's silly to worry about the future, will have to do a lot of unlearning.

They will have to wake up, sober up, **and** grow up **in a hurry.**

However, "none so blind as those who will not see." Those who have gone overboard will try to save face by denying the obvious. They will refuse to believe they have been victims of a fool's paradise.

***I expect to have three paintings on display* for sale November 11-30, 1973, at Oregon Society of Artists, 2185 Park Place, S.W., Portland, Ore. 97205).**

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these recordings—he was working with orchestras that knew the music and knew the style (including a degree of string *portamento* that would sound excessive today because it does not come naturally to modern players, but seems exactly right here). To measure the sharpness of expressive focus, one need only compare the First Symphony in Elgar's reading with Barbirolli's fuzzy, point-to-point emotionalism (Seraphim 60068). And the 16-year-old Yehudi Menuhin's projection of the Violin Concerto is an enduring miracle of artistic intuition and technical mastery.

One side of the set is devoted to excerpts from oratorios, taken at actual performances during the 1927 Three Choirs Festival at Hereford—dim in sound but suggesting some of the continuity that Elgar intended. A similar achievement is audible in the recent complete recording of *The Dream of Gerontius* led by—who would have predicted it fifteen years ago?—none other than Benjamin Britten (London OSA 1293). *Gerontius*, too, belongs to the then modern international tradition rather than to the Handel-via-Mendelssohn "sacred idiom" that other British composers were cultivating at about the turn of the century. With considerable resource, Elgar achieved an elevated tone for religious expression that evaded most of his contemporaries, falling down at only one point, where he resorts to a hymn tune that cannot sustain itself in these surroundings; the vernacular was too far from the artistic style at this time to permit the kind of juxtaposition that Mozart made so successfully in *Die Zauberflöte*. (Wagner, in *Parsifal*, was more canny, restricting his use of the equivalent German religious-music clichés to short phrases that could be molded like his original leitmotifs.)

Except for that one side, these recordings are not bad in sound, although limited in dynamics, frequency range and resonance; they serve their purpose. It wasn't until I heard these performances, and others by Sir Adrian Boult (mostly not readily available in America) and Colin Davis (in concert only), that the music made much sense to me. The entire package, with Jerrold Northrup Moore's handsome picture book (interlarded with documentary quotations) and meticulous notes on the recordings themselves, is a model of how such things should be done. The single disc of shorter works is also enjoyable; even the *Land of Hope and Glory* tune is refreshing when played with such élan.

Other recommended recent recordings:

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 8; Leonore Overture No. 3 (and rehearsal excerpt). Stockholm Philharmonic Orchestra; Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. EMI/DaCapo C 053-93 533. $5.98 (mono, recorded 1948).

DAVIES: *Missa Super L'Homme Armé*; *From Stone to Thorn*; *Hymnos*; *Antechrist*. The Fires of London; Peter Maxwell Davies, cond. Oiseau-Lyre DSLO-2. $5.98.

SCHUBERT: Sonata in A major, D. 959; German Dances, D 790. Alfred Brendel, piano. Philips 6500 284. $6.98.

WAGNER: Preludes and Overtures. New Philharmonia Orchestra; Sir Adrian Boult, cond. Angel S 36871. $5.98. □

THE SIGNAL

We have waited
For this,
A single raindrop falling upon
A drum in a valley
Where a man
Has heard in its echo
The last beat of his heart
And raises his hand
To signal
The retreat of his brothers
From a land
Where the dust still rises
Under the hooves
Of tired and obedient horses.

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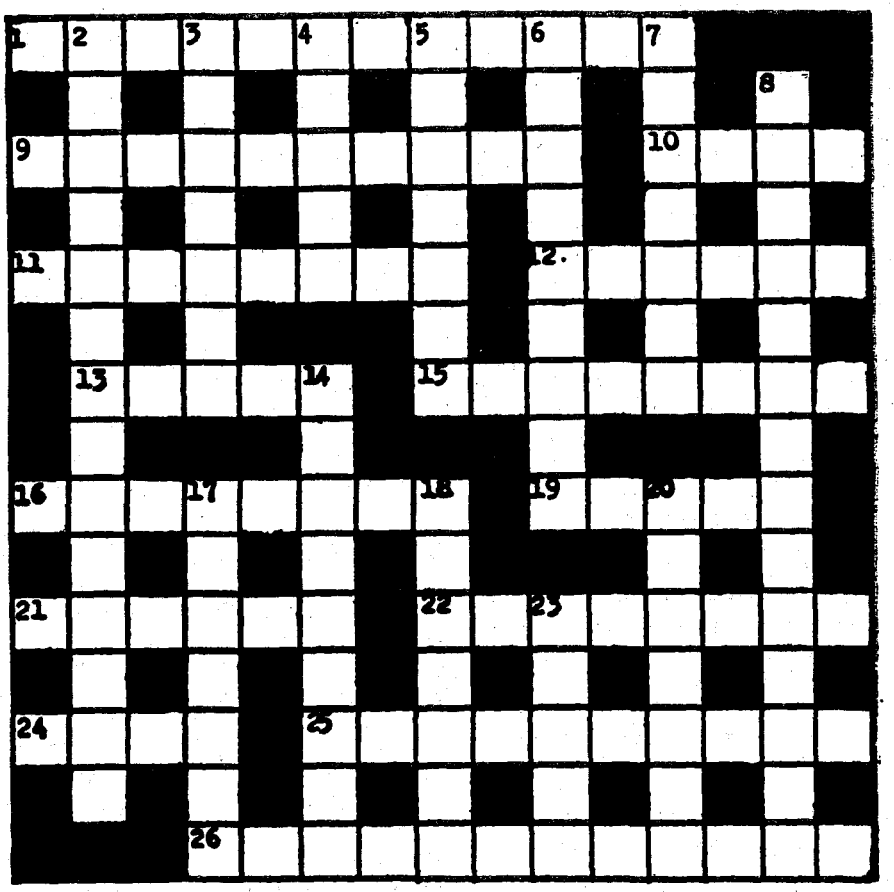
Crossword Puzzle No. 1494

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Evidently not many cars see the signal. (7,5)
9 Suggests what happens when an old 78 is dropped on some cars. (4,6)
10 Did Longfellow find one of these by the wayside? (4)
11 Perhaps 6 down—it's old-fashioned, but burning—throw away the result. (8)
12 More than is reasonable. (6)
13 Resin is only part of what the fuel emits. (5)
15 Evidently the USA needs the sort of subject Degas studied. (8)
16 Crabs and lobsters, etc., appear for a short time with articles about the shell. (8)
19 In water or ice, it appears dewy. (5)
21 Mangle, perhaps. (6)
22 In actual circumstances, a counterfeit 10-cent piece is intended to cure things. (8)
24 Seemingly slow birds? (4)
25 Not a very good supporting speech one can barely place! (4,6)
26 The first quarter might be part of the last half, with an internal involuntary response being parallel. (6,6)

DOWN

2 Symptomatic of a supercilious attitude? (6,8)
3 and 23 down It's to be expected that a conductor must appear on trial. (4,3,5)
4 Mythical Welsh giant I would almost have to stand for. (5)
5 Edwardian, somewhat? At least so compared. (7)
6 Your car might be an example, perhaps associated with an automatic pilot. (3,6)
7 It involves a twist of the thumb. (7)
8 French sleeve? (Not for foreign broadcasting!) (7,7)
14 Cancer, perhaps, follows one thus—having the same properties irrespective of direction. (9)
17 With it, one might forget that people are confused in a large part of the world. (7)
18 Before getting in first-class shape, one so goes from cause to effect. (1,6)
20 One might use it when pipes don't fit the man who is successfully dieting. (7)
23 See 3 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1493

ACROSS: 1 All to the good; 10 Unruled; 11 Rossini; 12 Dolor; 13 Ladysmith; 14 Wristwatch; 16 Odin; 18 Tear; 20 Metabolism; 23 Stagnates; 25 Slang; 26 Zealous; 27 Open out; 28 Common Market. DOWN: 2 Lorelei; 3 Tolerate; 4 Tidal wave; 5 Erred; 6 Obsess; 7 Deified; 8 Cut down to size; 9 High and mighty; 15 Classroom; 17 Forswear; 19 Aramaic; 21 In a hole; 22 Inform; 24 Tasso.

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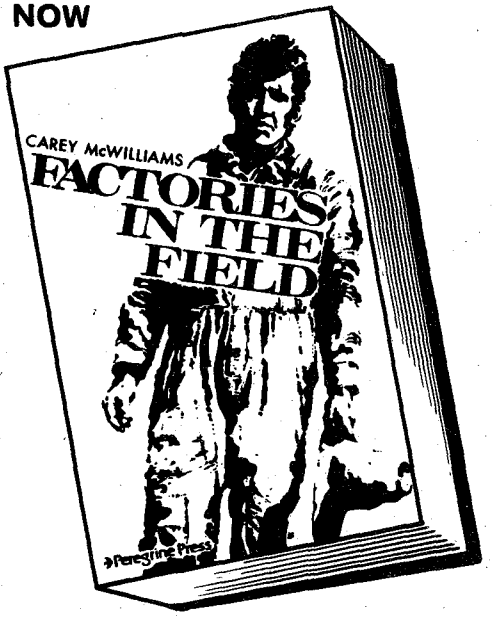

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